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OF this I am certain, that in a democracy, the majority of the citizens is capable of exercising the most cruel oppressions upon the minority, whenever strong divisions prevail in that kind of polity, as they often must; and that oppression of the minority will extend to far greater numbers, and will be carried on with much greater fury, than can almost ever be apprehended from the dominion of a single sceptre."—BURKE.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

On the Western Front raids resulting altogether in a considerable amount of prisoners have continued during the week, but this work has been overshadowed by the exploits of our airmen, who, in the bright weather of the week-end, have been particularly busy. In three days the R.F.C. brought down 57 German machines and lost 10 of their own. R.N. pilots accounted for 6 more machines without losses, and the French in three days brought down or severely damaged 10. Treves has been bombed by our airmen three times within 36 hours, the last attack being made in open daylight. The raiders when engaged here at night noticed the big fire due to the party who were bombing Thionville 35 miles off. This place has also been bombed three times. A ton of bombs was dropped on Wednesday on the large factories and the station at Namens, in Germany, and on the whole front the activity and ascendancy of our airmen have been most strikingly exhibited. Our losses are slight in comparison with the heavy casualties among enemy machines.

On Wednesday night a further successful attack in Palestine was announced. Our troops advanced on Tuesday on a frontage of 15 miles east of Jerusalem, and by the evening had secured all the objectives aimed at to an average depth of two miles. They are thus well on their way to Jericho, which is an important Turkish position, with railway communications.

Lactantius, says Gibbon, was "much more perceptive and positive than becomes a discreet prophet." The remark applies to many of our loquacious authorities on the war, who tell us this and that will happen by a certain date, or never happen again. How often have we been told that our latest expedients for the defence of London made it impossible for the Germans to reach it! These extravagant promisers do a disservice in disparaging the excellent work of our de-

fenders, of which we have heard with our ears much during the last week-end. From Saturday to Monday inclusive, London was harassed by heavy gun-fire at night, and the call to a cold shelter for two hours or more. Traffic was at a standstill, and people some way off their homes were held up for the night, waiting for the "sound upon the bugle-horn," which Tennyson anticipated in 'Locksley Hall,' as well as the "ghastly dew" from aerial navies.

It is useless to pretend that the damage, moral and material, done by these raids is negligible. It is sad to read of a wounded officer and his family killed by the fall of his house. One machine getting through may do a good deal of harm. But it is certainly a great tribute to the improvement of our defences that only one got through to London on Saturday and Sunday, and none on Monday, when the damage was reported to be nil. The reports, however, are so inadequate that scepticism concerning details is widespread. The public as a whole has learnt to take the raids sensibly and calmly; but there are others who lose their lives for a look, or add to the inconveniences of the occasion by tumultuous behaviour. The signals now in use and the notices in the streets pointing to "shelters" are satisfactory after earlier bungling. The length of time it has taken to achieve these sensible arrangements is another proof—if any were needed—of the sloth of the official mind.

THE House of Commons is as capricious in its moods as a woman. Mr. Asquith had as bad a House on Tuesday as he had a good one the week before, while the Prime Minister did much to re-establish his prestige. The fact was that the Government had a strong case, as was indeed settled in men's minds before Mr. Lloyd George rose. Sir William Robertson has no grievance, as he was offered the post of British member on the Versailles Council. It was natural that Sir William Robertson should refuse to remain as Chief of the Staff with his executive power taken from him. But the difference between him and the Government, or rather the Governments of the Allied Powers, was irreconcilable. His magnanimous acceptance of the Command of the Eastern Division in England is a splendid example of soldierly obedience.

It is impossible not to admire the cleverness with which the German Government has handled the Russian situation. By recognising the independence of the Ukrainian Republic and pretending to present it with a slice of Poland, the Germans have divided Russia into two hostile countries. By amusing Trotzky and Lenin with academic discussions of peace at Brest-Litovsk, Kühlmann and Czernin have consumed the time until the remnants of the Russian Army are disbanded, when they now declare the armistice at an end, and proceed to make war on Bolshevik Northern Russia, assisted by Southern Russia, of which they have become the protectors.

A few divisions, or at most an Army Corps of German and Austrian troops will be sufficient to move on Petrograd via Riga, and in the meantime the Baltic provinces of Russia are practically annexed, or seeking the protection of Germany. In other words, Russia is at the mercy of Germany, and the Entente

Powers are helpless. All these deplorable results THE SATURDAY REVIEW predicted as long ago as 8 September, 1917, in an article on the fall of Riga, which, we were told, was a breach of the Defence of the Realm Act. It is apparently a breach of this despotic law to see things as they are, and to state them as they are. If we contrast the British system of suppressing the truth and trying to hoodwink the world by Press camouflage with the terrible realism of the Germans, we must admit that we are mere children in diplomacy. Is it too late, even at the eleventh hour, to replace Mr. Balfour, who is a child in all matters except music and metaphysics, by a Foreign Secretary who has some real grip of European diplomacy? Mr. Balfour, like Sir Edward Grey, has the mind and the manners of a gentleman; but he is as indolent as his predecessor, and as far from the centre of the situation.

We hear that Sir George and Lady Georgiana Buchanan on their voyage home through Sweden were treated with gross incivility by the Swedes. They were not actually insulted or mobbed; but instead of being received and assisted with the distinguished courtesy which the authorities of one country owe to the diplomatic representatives of another country (even if the two countries are at war), the British Ambassador and his family and suite were allowed to shift for themselves, as if they had been private individuals. This rudeness is the more reprehensible because no one can be more agreeable to strangers than the Swedes if they choose. The Swedes used to be known as the Parisians of the North, but their native character seems to have been infected by the Prussian bacillus of boorishness.

Mr. Bonar Law, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Leader of the House of Commons, and member of the Cabinet of Five, did not know that Lord Northcliffe had been appointed Minister of Enemy Propaganda, although the fact had been published in all the newspapers for a week, but supposed the appointment had not been made without the sanction of the Prime Minister. With regard to Lord Beaverbrook, his personal intimate, Mr. Bonar Law did not know, but supposed he would be entrusted with confidential Government information, if that was necessary for him to discharge his duties, as to which the Chancellor of the Exchequer had the haziest notion. Mr. Bonar Law believed that Lord Beaverbrook had retired from the board of the *Daily Express*, of which he was, he (Mr. Bonar Law) conceded, the chief proprietor.

What is the meaning of all this fumbling and prevarication, and believing and supposing, on the part of the Leader of the House of Commons and the Unionist Party? Who, what, and where, in Heaven's name, is the Government of this country? Are we to understand that Mr. Lloyd George appoints his personal friends to important Ministerial posts, involving the expenditure of large sums of public money, without so much as informing the Cabinet of the fact? If that is so, the sooner the country gets rid of both Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Bonar Law the better. Once more we implore the Unionist Party to pull themselves together; to remember that they are the largest party in Parliament (as we believe they are in the country); and that their responsibility will be terrible if they allow this country to be plunged into bankruptcy and anarchy by the substitution of personal for responsible government.

Last week we pointed out the huge sums that were being squandered on propaganda amongst our allies and neutrals—"explaining our position" to Swedes and Spaniards—and we suggested that propaganda to be useful should be directed to our enemies. This week we learn that the inevitable and omnipresent Lord Northcliffe is to take charge of propaganda in enemy countries, while retaining control of the American Mission. These are very important, delicate and difficult duties, and the question is, who controls Lord Northcliffe? Clearly Lord Northcliffe must be appointed a

Minister, like Lord Beaverbrook, and must be responsible to the House of Parliament in which by the King's grace he is allowed to sit. Otherwise Lord Northcliffe will be able to pour into the ears or eyes of Americans, Germans, and Austrians any "eye-wash" which he may concoct, or which may be concocted for him, in Printing House Square or Carmelite House. We know that the great commercial organisations in the Press do not even pretend to present the truth to the public. They manipulate or manufacture public opinion by presenting their own views, ruthlessly suppressing or misrepresenting everybody else's views.

Are Lords Northcliffe and Beaverbrook, *par nobilitate*, to be allowed to propagate their own views at the taxpayers' expense to the Americans, the Colonials, and our enemies? And what will be the relations between the Intelligence Departments of the Admiralty and the War Office and Lord Northcliffe? It appears that £750,000 have been spent this year on Secret Service, in other words, on Spy Service. What have we got for this money? The head of the Intelligence Department at the Admiralty is Rear-Admiral Hall, and the head of the Intelligence Department at the War Office is General Macdonogh, both very able men. Obviously we cannot ask them to render an account of their expenditure: but we are entitled to ask whether Lord Northcliffe is going to work with them, or against them, or over them. Propaganda in enemy countries means the employment of spies, and the purchase of enemy influences, in short, Boloism. We do not say that Lord Northcliffe is not qualified for this work: but if Admiral Hall or General Macdonogh are to be interfered with, or superseded, the public ought to know it.

Bolo was a spy to whom the German Government entrusted large sums to carry out a "peace offensive." Much of this money he spent successfully and well, in Paris and in the United States. He made one attempt in this country, which failed ignominiously, for England is not a congenial soil for spying. But on the whole Bolo was a bold and successful spy, and the German Government got something for their money. Bolo's trial and condemnation have excited the conventional clutter of cant and hypocrisy in our Press about traitors, a good deal of which is inspired by jealousy, for what we want is a British Bolo, who shall not be caught out. There is much confusion of ideas on the subject of secret agents or spies. The man who, assuming a disguise of name, dress, and calling, goes into the enemy's country to pick up information for his own country is a hero of the highest order, combining courage and brains. The native who spies on his own countrymen and sells his information to the enemy, is justly execrated, though his courage is often splendid.

The most serious accusation against the Secret Intelligence Departments of the Admiralty, the War Office, and the Foreign Office, is the abysmal ignorance of Russian affairs in which the British Government was allowed to flounder. Some three years before the war, ever since the Agadir business, the Triple Alliance between Russia, Great Britain, and France became a military and political reality. As soon as war broke out, it became a working partnership, in which it was essential that the partners should understand one another's resources and politics. Yet what did the British Government or Parliament know about Russia? Just nothing at all. Had the Foreign Office, and the military and naval authorities been informed of what was the real state of Russia, we should never have poured hundreds of millions into the pockets of the Stürmers, Protopopoffs, and Sukhomlinoffs, who surrounded the Tsar, and intercepted everything, money, munitions, and despatches. Yet we had a military attaché at Petrograd, and our Foreign Office, War Office, and Admiralty have each their secret intelligence agents.

Colonel Claude Lowther asked why Lord Beaverbrook should not be entrusted with confidential in-

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formation; and whether he had not both by his conduct in the House of Commons and his services to the Empire proved himself to be one of the most enlightened and trustworthy members of the Government. When Sir Max Aitken was a member of the House of Commons he never opened his lips, or took, so far as the public knew, any part in business beyond voting. As to his services to the Empire we should be much obliged to Colonel Lowther if he would state them. Sir Max Aitken did compile a kind of Canadian Whitaker of the war, setting forth the names and numbers of the Canadians at the front. We will ask Colonel Claude Lowther a question in our turn. What does he know of the financial and commercial record of Lord Beaverbrook in Canada? Has he ever asked a Canadian of standing and repute for his opinion of Lord Beaverbrook as a public man? We do not say that Colonel Lowther's inquiries would not confirm his favourable estimate of the new Chancellor of the Duchy. But we do say that if Colonel Lowther has no knowledge and has made no inquiries, his eulogy is not very impressive.

We will, however, endeavour to expand the political education of Colonel Lowther, and tell him why neither Lord Northcliffe nor Lord Beaverbrook should be members of the Government or entrusted with confidential information. Lord Northcliffe owns the *Times* and the *Daily Mail* and a group of other newspapers. Lord Beaverbrook is the chief owner of the *Daily Express*, of which, unless we are mistaken, Colonel Lowther is another owner. The reasons why owners of newspapers should not be members of the Government, and entrusted with spending large sums of public money on "propaganda," which is largely advertising, and wholly press work, must we think be obvious even to Colonel Lowther. We have never before had a Government Press in this country; that is to say, a Press paid and controlled by Government. A year before the war the German Government bought from Scherer for £550,000 the *Lokal Anzeiger*, the *Tag*, and a group of illustrated papers. In essentials does the addition of Lords Northcliffe and Beaverbrook to the Government differ from this transaction?

It appears that the British nation, which is spending a gross sum of seven millions a day on the war, and three-quarters of a million a year on an inefficient Secret Service, cannot afford to put modern drains into the London palaces of its Sovereign. His Majesty, with the disregard of his own comfort, and the thoughtful consideration for others which distinguish him, has offered Buckingham Palace, St. James's Palace, and Kensington Palace as officers' convalescent hospitals. All three have been refused, on the ground that the drains are not modern, and inadequate! Who would be a Constitutional King in these days? Denounced in Hyde Park for doing nothing, actually worked harder than a School or Factory Inspector, the bestowal of Honours rudely usurped by his Prime Minister, the King of England and Emperor of India is allowed to live in houses which are not fit for his own officers!

The puzzle of the politicians during the last Victorian decade was why Gladstone was so fond of Childers. Without any discoverable ability as a speaker or an administrator, with nothing remarkable but a long beard and an obsequious manner, Childers was promoted by Gladstone to all the highest offices of State in turn. The puzzle to-day is, Why is Mr. Lloyd George so fond of Dr. Addison? After being rapidly pushed up to the post of Minister of Munitions, Dr. Addison has exhibited no Parliamentary or administrative abilities whatever. At the Ministry of Munitions he was worse than incompetent, and at least one scandal of an incomplete or bungled contract was, at great cost, hushed up. But like Childers, and Sir Pertinax Macsycophant, he has an insinuating and obsequious manner, he "booes and booes," like Macklin's hero, and "by submitting ways."

The Prime Minister has invested his favourite with almost unlimited powers under the title of Reconstruction Minister. Dr. Addison sits in the middle of the innumerable secret committees, which he has spun out of his empty head, a great Spider of Bureaucracy. With the aid of revolutionary theorists, and economic idealists, like Messrs. Webb, Ashley, and Hobson, Dr. Addison is occupied silently and secretly in pulling our national system to pieces, and in pushing on, under cover of the war, when the minds of the best men are otherwise engaged, the most dishonest schemes of universal outdoor relief, to be financed by robbing the upper and middle class. The real danger of these Secret Committees of Destruction is that they present a cut-and-dried scheme, which Parliament is told it must accept, as there has been "an honourable understanding," by which is meant a dishonourable misunderstanding.

The doctrine of the equality of men is scornfully repudiated by the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, who have decided by a large majority of a small poll that "they are not as other men." Unless the Government will confer with the A.S.E. separately as to the working of the new Service Act, why the A.S.E. will ignore the Act. The other trade unions, however, consider themselves quite as good as the Engineers, and maintain, with a good show of democratic logic, that if there are any privileges going round it must be share and share alike. The aristocratic exclusiveness of the Engineers would be amusing, were not the military situation so serious. But with the Germans piling up divisions on the Western Front, the nation is in no mood for trifling with trade union punctilio. The Government must find some means of enforcing the law.

Mr. Ian Macpherson, the Under Secretary for War, in moving a token vote for the Army Estimates on Wednesday, unfolded a story of creative energy and organisation which reads like a fairy tale. It was a vote for an establishment of 5,000,000 men; and three and a half years ago our army, exclusive of Indian and Colonial forces, numbered 260,000. Mr. Macpherson paid a well-deserved tribute to Mr. Andrew Weir, the new Surveyor of General Supply, who, without salary, is devoting his whole time and experience to the Contracts and Supply Department, "probably the most colossal organisation in industrial history." This Department bought in the past year £270,000,000 of manufactured goods, and £113,000,000 of raw materials. The army is now consuming, Mr. Macpherson tells us, three times as much food as the whole population consumed before the war. The War Office is now the biggest wool and textile concern in the world, its expenditure on wool alone amounting to £88,000,000.

For every 100 blankets produced in a normal year before the war, 250 are now purchased by the War Office. "They had made such miles of cloth and flannel as would extend six or seven times round the equator." When you add to this consumption the destruction of tonnage by submarines, the wonder is that civilians have anything to eat or anything to wear. In such conditions of supply and demand control of trades is inevitable, and we are glad to be told (though we are a little sceptical) that "while a fair profit was secured for the manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers were prevented from making undue profits." Mr. Macpherson had nothing but good tidings of the discipline of the national army, which is enforced by rational and humane methods, and of the supply of officers, which has been maintained by the common-sense plan of supplementing examination by the nomination of promising youth. The health of the troops is four times better than it was in the South African War, except at Salonika, the summer climate of Macedonia being pestilential. "In Salonika General Milne continued his steady watch," was the single sentence in which Mr. Macpherson passed over this doubtful stroke of strategy.

SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON

SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON differed from His Majesty's Government upon a vital question of policy, namely, the delegation of executive power over the British Army to a Supreme Council of the Allied Powers at Versailles. Such a situation could only be solved by the resignation or retirement of Sir William Robertson. Had the Government given way to Sir William Robertson, they would, firstly, have placed themselves in antagonism to their Allies, France and Italy; and they would, secondly, have surrendered the supremacy of the civilian over the military authority. Does anyone, after reading and hearing what has been written and spoken on the subject, suggest that the British Government should have accepted those consequences for the sake of retaining Sir William Robertson's services, however valuable? Mr. Strachey, the distinguished editor of our contemporary, the *Spectator*, declared in a letter to *The Morning Post* that the nation must choose between Mr Lloyd George and Sir William Robertson. With the greatest respect, such an alternative is absurd in a country with responsible government. In Germany the alternative would be equally absurd in the inverse sense, because in Germany the military is superior to the civilian authority. But Germany is a military autocracy, and Great Britain is a democracy governed by the representative system. In such a country the civilian power must be supreme, and we have never heard it questioned before. Greater soldiers than any now living, Marlborough and Wellington, submitted to the civilian power, we do not say without murmuring—for the letters of both are full of complaints against political parties—but submit they did, because they recognised that they were the servants of a free country. At long intervals in history some great military genius turns the army against its own country, either to save it or make himself sovereign. But do the friends of Sir William Robertson propose Cromwell and Napoleon as models for imitation? From the fact that Sir William Robertson refused the post of British member of the Allied War Council at Versailles we must infer that, as a soldier, he objects to the policy of placing the armies of the Allied Powers under a common command, the policy which is sometimes called "pooling the reserves." That is a definite, legitimate, military objection, which Sir William Robertson is entitled to hold and to express. But as he is the only person of importance who holds it, for we are told that Sir Douglas Haig does not share it, that objection has been rightly over-ruled. Both the Government and Sir William Robertson have acted, in the face of a grave crisis, with perfect propriety, and, in our judgment, with unquestionable wisdom.

Lord Kitchener acted as Secretary of State for War and Chief of the Imperial Staff; and it is almost universally agreed that he undertook too much. After his death, the executive powers of the Secretary of State over the Army were transferred to the Chief of the Imperial Staff, as it was thought more convenient in war time to combine the post of Chief Military Adviser to the War Council and the Cabinet with the function of strategical command. Those executive powers are now to be subtracted from the Chief of the Imperial Staff, Sir Henry Wilson, who will resume the former position of military adviser to the Cabinet, and are to be transferred to the British member of the Versailles Council, Sir Henry Rawlinson, appointed on the recommendation of Sir Douglas Haig. It is to be observed that the post of Secretary of State for War remains shorn of its principal authority, a rather ominous indication of the decline of the power of Parliament. The function of strategical command, so far as Britain is concerned, will be divided between the Allied Council at Versailles and the War Cabinet in Downing Street, of which the Secretary of State for War is not a member.

Both Mr. Asquith and Mr. Chamberlain had something to say about the relations between the Army, the Government, and the Press. On this, as on most subjects in England, there is confusion of thought. If it

is considered expedient, with regard to discipline and morale at the front, that the Press should not write about the war at all, let us by all means have a plain muzzling order, and done with it. But that, we imagine, would not be at all popular. The military commanders like to be praised; but, like other people, they do not like to be blamed. If, however, the newspapers are allowed to write up certain commanders, military and naval, other newspapers, holding opposite views, must be allowed to write them down. Writing up a commander is hailed as patriotism: writing down a commander, whose strategy or tactics you may think faulty, is denounced as treason. This is illogical, and indeed childish. The whole gist of the matter is that the criticism, if hostile, should be fair, and temperate, and in good faith. Such honest bonâ fide criticism has always been practised by the Press in former wars, generally with salutary results, as in the Crimean War, and as in the present war, with regard to munitions. But, as Mr. Austen Chamberlain points out, the Prime Minister has only himself to thank for the atmosphere of suspicion and ill-will with which he has contrived to surround the Government, or rather himself, for nobody else seems to know anything about Ministerial appointments except the Prime Minister. Mr. Lloyd George has chosen to appoint to posts in his Government three newspaper proprietors, two of whom he has created peers, and the third he has advanced in the peerage. None of these men have ever exhibited the least political capacity, or won by a career of public and responsible service the confidence of their countrymen. One of them, Lord Beaverbrook, was never heard of in England before 1910, when he was elected for Ashton-under-Lyne. All three have made large and rapid fortunes by one means or another, and all own newspapers, which are run on strictly commercial lines. It is impossible that these men can serve faithfully both the public and the Government. To do them justice, they make no pretence of presenting the public with the truth, either as to what passes in Parliament or elsewhere. Lord Beaverbrook holds an ancient and honourable office, the Chancellorship of the Duchy. Lord Rothermere is President of the Air Board. Lord Northcliffe is Minister of Propaganda, a vague and wholly unnecessary office. They constitute a new type of Minister, and not a welcome one. They stand for the power of Money, and for the Manufacture of public opinion by a Government Press.

THE TRIUMPH OF SOCIALISM.

ON the 19th of March, 1917, the Prime Minister, sending "fraternal greetings" and "heartfelt congratulations" in the name of Great Britain to the Russian Democrats, who had just deposed and imprisoned their lawful sovereign, used these words: "So far as our information goes, the Revolution has been brought about with very little bloodshed, and the new Government is receiving the support both of the country as a whole and of the Army and Navy. We are confident that these events, marking as they do an epoch in the world, and the first great triumph of the principles for which we entered the war, will result, not in any confusion or slackening in the conduct of the war, but in the even closer and more effective co-operation between the Russian people and its allies in the cause of human freedom." On the 19th of February, 1918, we read in the papers an appeal from M. Huysmans, Secretary to the Internationalist Socialist Bureau, to the British Social Democrats, from which the following excerpts are culled: "At this dreadful and menacing hour we appeal to the sections of the Internationale. . . . We must cast light upon the unprecedented terror which rages in Russia in the name of Socialism, and which soils its spotless banner." Here we must explain that Bolsheviki is the Russian word for Maximalists or Whole-Hoggers, amongst the Revolutionary and Social Democrats. For the moderate Socialists, or Minimalists, or Cadets, no term of contempt was too strong a few weeks ago. Now we learn from the pen of the Secretary of the International Bureau that the movement initiated by the Bolsheviks was "a military con-

spiracy, pure and simple. . . . The Provisional Council of the Republic, three-quarters of it composed of Socialists and Democrats, was driven out at the point of the bayonet. The Provisional Government, composed half of Socialists, was imprisoned in the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. The Winter Palace, where it had its seat, was pillaged, and several of its defenders were lynched. . . . The Bolsheviks, who seized the reins of government three weeks before the elections for the Constituent Assembly, created the Council of People's Commissaries. In reality the Council of Commissaries is nothing but a screen to mask the dual dictatorship of Lenin and Trotzky, sustained by the bayonets of the soldiers, and surrounded by suspicious characters, adventurers, and even criminals." All this reads like a denunciation of Tsardom in its worst days by the International Socialists. But M. Huysmans says it is much worse than aught they fabled of the poor Tsar. "Finding themselves isolated among democrats, the Bolsheviks have reinforced their system of terrorism. They have stifled the bourgeois Press, and likewise those sections of the Socialist Press which do not belong to themselves. Lenin has issued a decree with regard to the Press such as Tsarism would not have dared to conceive. Almost every night printing presses are raided by soldiers and sailors who disperse the type and break the machines. Editors and contributors to Socialist papers are imprisoned." But the fate of candidates for political honours is even more distressing, and we commend it to the attention of those politicians in this country who have leanings towards the Social democracy of the extreme Party in England. "Candidates for the Constituent Assembly are flogged unmercifully, as, for example, Alex. Smirnof, the candidate of our Party and a member of the Soviet Foreign Delegation. Deputies elected to the Constituent Assembly are hunted down and have to hide. Those democratic Municipal Councils, which have a Socialist majority, as in Petrograd, Moscow, and Saratoff, where serious resistance was made to these acts of violence, have been dispersed with bayonets." Fancy the London County Council being dispersed by the bayonets of Messrs. Anderson, Macdonald and Snowden! Events seem to have infused a wholesome Conservatism into the mind of the Secretary of the International Socialists, for he proceeds thus: "At the same time the Bolsheviks rely on force of arms to proclaim the beginning of the Social Revolution. They preach and practise confiscation, not only as regards the land, but also as regards factories and workshops." Bravo, M. Huysmans! But is not this mere Reactionary common-sense, or, shall we say, Bourgeois panic?

And this is "the first great triumph of the principles for which we entered the war," according to Mr. Lloyd George! After a whole year Democracy, pure and unlimited, having deposed the tyrant, has struck this blow for human freedom! Or is the blow not struck much rather at human freedom? The Patriarchal Sacristy at Moscow has, we learn, just been relieved of some £3,000,000 in the shape of sacred vessels and jewels belonging to the Church. Murder, rape, church-breaking, bank-looting, arson, robbery, these are "the rare and refreshing fruits" of Democracy when free from the trammels of government. But what, it will be asked, have all these horrors of Bolshevism to do with the meek and sleek Social Democrats of Great Britain? Just everything. It is true that Lenin and Trotzky do not, at the first blush, seem to have anything in common with Mr. Arthur Henderson and his dry-nurse, Mr. Sidney Webb; or with Messrs. Anderson, Macdonald, Smillie, Hartshorn and Co. But in reality they all belong to the same brotherhood. With all there is but one principle, physical force. Lenin and Trotzky have applied the principle crudely, and have therefore annoyed M. Huysmans. The French and British Socialists do not need to use bayonets, when they can secure the same ends with ballot-boxes. Why shoot, when you can shout? Why violate, when you can vote? In all countries, and in all ages, these Democrats are the same; whatever names they bear, their language to the established order is the same. "We are the larger poll: stand and deliver!"

THE MAGNIFICENT MARQUIS.

THE collection of Wellington and Wellesley papers that was sold at Christie's during the present week resuscitates a personage who, though to some extent overshadowed by his illustrious younger brother, was in many respects a remarkable figure in his day. A brilliant scholar, an able Statesman, and largely endowed with personal attractions, Richard Colley, Marquis Wellesley, marred what might have been a really great career by a degree of ambition and vanity almost without parallel in political annals. Educated at Harrow (whence he was removed for taking part in a school rebellion), at Eton, and at Christ Church, on taking his seat in the Irish House of Peers at the age of twenty-one as Earl of Mornington he was probably the most accomplished and promising member of that assembly. But he soon realised that his position there was likely to prove little more than ornamental, and, directing his eyes across the Channel, he resolved to enter the English House of Commons, in which Mr. Pitt was triumphantly established at the head of an Administration that seemed destined to enjoy a long lease of power. Having secured a seat, Mornington soon attracted the Prime Minister's favourable notice, and in 1793 he was appointed a member of the India Board, which he left four years later on being promoted to the Governor-Generalship of India. He was, at the same time, created Baron Wellesley in the British peerage, a grade from which, to his extreme mortification, he was never advanced, though in 1799 he received an Irish Marquisate, a distinction for which he expressed the profoundest contempt. His Indian administration, which had so far been eminently successful, certainly appeared to justify a more substantial promotion, but the exaggerated splendour and consequence with which he had invested his office, in addition to his assumption of airs little less than regal, had been by no means pleasing to George the Third, and all that the Governor-General gained by his indignant protests was a good-humoured homily from Mr. Pitt on the worthlessness of coronets, which personally he held in supreme disdain. The King may also have been influenced by the irregularity of his representative's private life, which was notorious before he left England, and, as will be seen, by no means abated as time went on.

In 1805 Wellesley was recalled, his successes having met with a check of which the East India Company directors, who had disapproved of his forward policy, were not slow to take advantage. On his return, in addition to the chagrin of finding himself reduced to comparative insignificance, he was subjected to the indignity of a Parliamentary attack by one Paull, a *ci-devant* tailor, who, having migrated to India and made a fortune there, contrived to come into collision with the Governor-General, and, in order to avenge himself for alleged ill-treatment, returned home, purchased a seat in the House of Commons, and embarked on a virulent course of complaint and arraignment. The persecutions of Paull were, however, ineffectual (having lost his seat and his fortune, he committed suicide), and the Marquis was partially consoled for his unpleasant heckling by the appointment of Ambassador to the Court of Spain, where his *penchant* for splendour was as conspicuous as his addiction to amatory intrigue. But the duel between Canning and Castlereagh brought his career in Madrid prematurely to a close. Perceval, the Prime Minister, rashly offered him the Foreign Office seals in succession to Canning, only, however, to find himself and his colleagues treated by the ex-proconsul with little more respect than he would have vouchsafed to a batch of clerks. After a brief experience of the Council Chamber, he absented himself altogether, being unable any longer to endure an atmosphere in which, according to his view, mediocrity was liberally combined with bad manners! But Bellingham's pistol provided him with a chance which for the moment seemed likely to realise his fondest ambitions. This was the Prince Regent's mandate to form a Coalition Ministry in succession to that of the assassinated Premier. Wellesley, however, soon discovered that it was an impossible task, owing, as he expressed it, to "dreadful animosities," though it

is doubtful whether in any case he would have been able to command an adequate following. English statesmen were not disposed to submit to the methods of a Great Mogul; and, arrogant as a colleague, Wellesley would have proved intolerable as a chief. That position, however, he never attained. The cup which was then dashed from his lips was not proffered to him again; nor, indeed, was he destined in the course of his long career to resume Cabinet rank. For several years he remained out of office, embracing Whig principles rather than those of his own party, whose active prosecution of the war towards the end of the struggle he ceased to support. But in 1821 he was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, a post which he occupied for seven years with considerable success. While in Ireland he made a second experiment in matrimony, though his first—he had married his mistress, a *ci-devant* nymph of the Palais Royal—had been far from encouraging. On this occasion the lady was a charming American widow, a Mrs. Paterson, whom, according to Jekyll, George the Fourth pronounced to be "one of the most sensible and highly bred women he ever met." The newly-wedded pair were, however, apparently not too well assorted, for in the following year Jekyll records that, "under the pretext of resorting for health to the waters of Leamington, the Lady-Lieutenant of Ireland is said to be separating herself from her lord. These waters, like those of Lethe, probably teach wives to forget their husbands, and resemble those Lady Holland sent her son to drink in Italy as a cure for the tender passion." Then follows a graphic description of the forsaken consort: "The Lord-Lieutenant, though by no means in despair at this Catholic emancipation from wedlock, shuts himself up in total seclusion. Whenever he does deign to appear in public he presents a singular spectacle—a hoary head with eyebrows artificially blackened, cheeks highly rouged, and a forehead painted white. Grimaldi in a pantomime is a less picturesque Viceroy. It is said Lady Glengall some time ago forced her way to his toilette, and caught him in the very act of repairing himself."

This marriage did not, like its predecessor, result in a formal separation, but its course was by no means smooth, a misfortune for which the Marquis's "wandering fancies" were largely responsible. Although himself the *fine fleur* of refinement and culture, he appears to have found a peculiar charm in Aspasia, whose language and breeding savoured less of the boudoir than of Billingsgate. Of these a certain Miss Moll Raffles held him completely under her spell, and there is on record a remarkable scene when he was informed by a famous houri of Bohemia that Miss Raffles occasionally wavered in her allegiance in favour of a clerical rival.

In 1828 Lord Wellesley's reign in Ireland came to an end, but he fully expected to receive a more important appointment in London, for on the resignation of Lord Goderich, whose Premiership had lasted only a few months, George the Fourth sent for the Duke of Wellington; and what was more natural and befitting than that Arthur, whose political capacity was beneath contempt, and who owed everything to his elder brother in earlier days, should recommend his Majesty to entrust the Marquis with the formation of a Ministry? But with incredibly bad taste, to say nothing of ingratitude, Arthur assumed the Premiership himself, with the result that, according to Jekyll, the Marquis "used to sit and abuse him by the hour." After this rude shock the disappointed aspirant broke off relations with the Tories, and such further appointments as he received came from the opposite party. They were, however, far from satisfying his pretensions, two being merely Household offices, while the Irish Lord Lieutenancy, which he filled for a second time, was unaccompanied by a seat in the Cabinet. At the age of seventy-five he closed his bizarre career in the capacity of Lord Chamberlain, a somewhat pitiful "come-down" for a statesman who had once governed India, and held the Foreign Office Seals. But, inordinately ambitious to the last, he hoped to cover his retreat with a Dukedom; this, however, Melbourne firmly declined to bestow, and thereafter he contracted a close alliance with another political malcontent, the ostracised Brougham, outpouring an accu-

mulation of grievances, and plying him with polished elegiacs in exchange for the ex-Chancellor's cumbersome historical effusions. Thanks to his incurable extravagance, his closing years would have been embittered by penury but for the judicious munificence of the East India Company, who placed £20,000 in the hands of trustees to be administered for his benefit. He died at the age of eighty-two, ten years before the Duke of Wellington, to whom he presented in almost every respect a conspicuous and by no means favourable contrast, the Duke being, in Croker's felicitous phrase, "always simple, always great," while the Marquis was the essence of artificiality, and far more often associated with empty grandeur than with real greatness.

KNIGHTHOOD IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

THE knight of mediæval legend, romance, poetry and painting slew dragons and all noisome beasts, rescued beautiful maidens from bondage and oppression, hewed his way through Paynim ranks, or fought fellow-Christians with like chivalry and devotion; in peace time, wearing love's gage of fair lady, he unhorsed all comers in the tournament; he was *preux chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*. We read with fascination of Sir Galahad, foremost of King Arthur's spacious round table; of Roland and Oliver and the other eight Paladins of Charlemagne, of the Cid, of Bayard, of Sir Philip Sidney, of the heroes of Crecy, Poitiers, Agincourt, who knelt on the field of victory to receive knighthood, or, far greater honour, had their banners torn that they might be Bannerets; of the brilliant courtiers specially favoured by their Sovereign, who, at coronation or gorgeous festivity, knelt upon the carpet to receive accolade from "unhacked rapier." It is a sparkling presentment which lights up the pages of modern historical novels, and so possesses the popular imagination that comparisons are drawn with the knighthood of modern days most unfavourable to those rewarded for non-combatant work for the State, municipality or politics, and not for service in arms in defence of the country.

Comparisons entirely leave out of mind that these shining creations of legend, these exemplars singled out by tradition or history were but a few culled from the great host of mediæval knights of whom the vast majority were compelled, under penalty of fine or forfeiture, to take up military arms because knighthood was a source of revenue to the king's exchequer.

State records do not tell the sum total of this income, nor the numbers who had the honour thrust upon them; it is only occasionally we have details, the totals probably being merged in the general accounts of sheriffs of counties; but judging by incidental entries we may reckon that knighthood brought in a considerable revenue, and was often an inconvenient burthen on the recipient, for in 1233 one whom it had thrown into debt had a letter patent authorising him to meet the expenses by a levy on his men.

In 1235 a general mandate was issued to sheriffs of counties to summon all who held one knight's fee and upwards of land direct from the king to take arms, and cause themselves to be made knights before the coming Christmas, and if they did not come to the king to be girt with the belt of knighthood, their lands were to be taken into the king's hand; in 1247 a tenant-in-chief paid five marcs, another in 1256 half a marc of gold to have respite from the honour for a few months; the mandate was extended to subtenants, and there evidently was a scale of fees according to rank or lands, because in 1279 a man of less estate was amerced only 40s. for a seven years' respite; he managed to evade both honour and amercement, but his son had to pay the fine in 1307.

When all tenants of sufficient land were brought within the Exchequer's net the qualification was raised, for in 1256, the sheriff having been commanded to distraint all persons holding 15 librates of land to make themselves knights, an inquiry was held in Lincolnshire, and the gentleman he had tried to compel got off, being the holder of only £12 worth; the qualifica-

tion was increased to £50 yearly value of lands before 1316, when another in the same county was found to have less than £22 worth, and also escaped the honour.

This compulsory knighthood was so much a matter of course for larger holders of land that in a bundle of enquiries held in different counties on the death of a tenant-in-chief it was mentioned perhaps in only one case, or not at all; it was in fact a form of taxation like the aids which had to be paid on military lands when the king's eldest son was knighted, his eldest daughter married, or he himself needed to be ransomed.

Pedigrees drawn up from family tradition or writings at the visitations of heralds in the 16th century were usually freely sprinkled with knights, especially in earlier generations. These, among the wealthier, were no doubt correctly styled, but among the lesser gentry it is probable that the lordship of a manor, or the tenure of land by knight's service, even though but the fraction of a fee, was assumed to imply knighthood.

If we set aside the glamour which has gathered around mediæval knights, it may fairly be claimed that the national work rewarded in modern times by knighthood is far greater than in the days when the taking up of military arms was a compulsory contribution to the Exchequer.

FLOGGING A DEAD HORSE.

IT would be kind only to be cruel to abet or comfort Sir George Frampton's propaganda for the resuscitation of tapestry weaving in England. His idea is to start training centres, under the best masters, for the production of panels of tapestry, War Memorials and Rolls of Honour, to hang in public buildings and private houses. The craftsmen are to be writers, musicians, architects, painters and sculptors who, disabled through the war, would gladly take up such work, which, in Sir George Frampton's judgment, would prove congenial and paying. The business would be run on co-partnership lines; tapestry memorials would encourage our future youth to emulate the qualities of the great men of to-day; no better or more lasting memorial could be made than a beautiful panel of tapestry, and steps are contemplated to ensure design and execution equal to the best products of the ancient looms. That is the gist of a circular seeking to enlist sympathy with this project for the advantageous and agreeable employment of disabled literary and artistic men.

The objections to the scheme seem so sound that it were kinder to be quite brutal at the start. The chief and most fundamental flaw in the idea is that nobody really wants tapestry in England so seriously as to make its weaving a living and self-supporting industry. The real need for tapestry, never very persistent, in this country died centuries ago. At its height it was met by foreign labour, and royal subsidies vainly strove to keep the demand and dependent supply alive. We do not say that for a time an artificial demand, inflated by benevolent patronage, might not be created. It is even conceivable that some, in our opinion misguided people, would assiduously order war memorial panels of the sort suggested. These orders being executed and exhausted, what then? The looms would languish and shut down and the sad history of Mortlake would be repeated. In all seriousness and kindness, we contend that efforts to resuscitate arts or industries for which the genuine demand has been outlived are about as promising and profitless as flogging a dead horse. We may respect the pure ideals and the earnestness of such undertakings, but at the same time we must recognise their hopeless impracticability.

There is more sound working wisdom in the belief that what naturally is, had to be, than visionary idealists allow. Tapestry, when it was in general a necessity, was given a fair chance in England. Henry VIII. imported it in bulk and employed a swarm of Flemish weavers. The French and Flemish factories of those times strangled the English industry. A little later, under James I.'s enlightened patronage, advantage was taken of a down curve on the Continent to start the

Mortlake factory. Manfully did Sir Francis Crane and his Flemish craftsmen struggle, and lavishly did James and Charles I. finance the venture. The Mortlake tapestries were excellent: none says a word against them or the conscientious efforts made, for a spurt, by English patronage to support the business. But in vain; Colbert and his Gobelins enterprise may have had something to do with the decay of Mortlake, but his responsibility is light compared with the depressing fact that, from one cause or another, the English had no genuine, natural use for tapestry. Efforts were made and highly skilled foreigners employed in Ireland to establish successful looms there in the 18th century; similar efforts in Fulham, Soho, and Exeter; in Italy, Germany, and Russia, have ended in like failure. Morris and the old Arts and Crafts people worked hard at the idea thirty years ago, apparently starting from the theory that the public ought to want so venerable and so hand-made a commodity. But it doesn't, really, and though some may feel that all tapestry after Raphael is dreary and misconceived, or precious and artificial, we will not assert that the public's indifference to it is grounded in aesthetics. The truer view most likely is that, with coaches and calligraphy, tapestry has had its day, has served its purpose, and passed into the limbo of no-more-needed.

And may there not be a justification of sound common-sense for the public's averted interest? Tapestry is costly, cumbersome, and, in this country of fog and industries, insanitary. It is impossible as a background for pictures, with which people have elected to decorate their walls, and, in short, for ordinary practical uses outclassed in our estimation by paper, or distemper, or panelling. Then take it as a war memorial. Is it as durable and as ideal, in the light of its inherent properties and defects, as we are asked to believe? It does not compare with stained glass, for example, or mosaic, for colour possibilities, and its very nature is a limitation of design, and an incentive to convention. Mural painting and stained glass, of course, are strictly subject to convention; but they are free agents compared with the technique of weaving. For this reason the very finest tapestry known is but a halting affair, placed against a good fresco or window. When the public mind worked on lines of schematisation, as far as its æsthetic needs went, and while domestic conditions and environment, and conditions of lighting, were compatible with tapestry, it answered very well. But a time came when the public mind grew into realism, and outgrew the only kind of decoration that is tolerable in ornamental fabric: and the deplorable effects of the weavers' endeavour to keep pace with the new need are equalled only by the pictorial efforts of stained glass and the realism of Sèvres or Worcester. It seems to us that a sudden attempt, made by literary men, musicians, and modern painters, to resuscitate the dead art of weaving, which was never a national expression, could result but in self-conscious archaism and amateurish technique.

Another warning should be uttered. The time for hand-made things, on a self-supporting, practical basis, is gone: the time for half-trained craftsmanship and amateur design is over, if we hope to keep our heads above water, after the war. Machinery will condition production until it is superseded by some now unguessed power; our craftsmen's business is to turn out the best possible work suitable for machines. Even if by hard toil and touting a vogue for the new tapestry were launched, the wind would quickly be taken out of its sails by enterprising, shoddy factories and "art-tapestry," wall paper—"just as good, but a quarter the price." And if there happened to be a public impressed by the new fashion it would patronise the machine-made goods or the fake paper. If our disabled writers and musicians and painters can turn their special gifts, or adapt them, to some practical and needed industry, let them in heaven's name. But on no account should they become involved in any bolstered-up and semi-charitably sustained enterprise dedicated to produce what no one really wants. There will be no chance of success for any but the best and most professionally trained

craftsmanship, directed on severely practical lines. Tapestry has had a consistently bad record in this country; let us at least cut our losses, and make certain of adding no fresh and gratuitous failure to the list.

THE RE-APPEARANCE OF SIR ARTHUR PINERO.

OUR enjoyment of Sir Arthur Pinero's new play the other night was enjoyment ruffled with remorse. Remorse is bound to visit all critics who have once been young. How sure we were not so many years ago that no good thing could come out of the theatre of Sir Arthur Pinero! And what illustrious support was behind us! Do we not even now recall G. B. S. on 'The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith' and the malicious fun which Max would make of Sir Arthur's pray-be-seated style of dialogue? But the critics pass and Sir Arthur Pinero remains; and there is one critic at least who now desires, if not to excuse, at least to explain his remarkable obtuseness to this author's merit.

It sprang partly from the fashion, which at one time threatened to spread even to the daily Press, of applying to the theatre the standards of literature. When you turn a critic loose upon the theatre with his head full of dramatic poetry by Shakespeare and dramatic prose by Congreve, he is bound to make the mistake of all literary folk, the mistake which makes most people who are fond of books constitutionally incapable of being ever really fond of the theatre, the mistake of assuming that the most important thing about a play is that it should be well written. How is our critic to know without preliminary warning that the actual writing of a play is almost the last thing that particularly matters—that dramatic values are quite fatally distinct from literary values. It so happened at the time when Sir Arthur was producing the successes of his middle period that a determined effort was being made to bring literature and the theatre to terms. For the first time for generations plays were being written which could be read as well as acted, and there were at least three successful authors, Bernard Shaw, Stephen Phillips, and Oscar Wilde, who depended upon their literary gifts for three-fourths of their appeal. All this was only so much more dust in the eyes of those who, because they could not enjoy their Pinero at home in a book, resolutely refused to enjoy him in the theatre. Because Sir Arthur got upon their literary nerves, their theatrical nerves remained resolutely insensitive to his merits.

Sir Arthur still gets upon our literary nerves. But somehow it matters less than it did. There are other things which also matter less. Sir Arthur, in the days when everyone pretended to be a realist, whether by nature fitted for the enterprise or not, adopted the prevailing fashion. With that tolerant swift readiness to keep abreast with the time, which is perhaps the most characteristic of his many gifts, he too aspired to hold the Ibsen mirror up to our suburban nature. Thereby he came to be tested by realist standards, and Sir Arthur is not a realist. It is as unfair to apply to his work the realist test as the literary test.

There briefly is our case. We would, if space permitted, expand and illustrate it with instances from the past of our own and of Sir Arthur's backslidings. But a new play is awaiting consideration—a play which teaches us how Sir Arthur should really be viewed and valued. For first of all this new play presents us with a number of dramatic characters who, from rise to fall of the curtain, are distinct and true to their several types. Next it interests us in a dramatic story which is ingenious, skilfully led from point to point, introducing fresh matter when we need it, exhibiting within the conventions accepted an unflinching logic and proportion. Finally, it shows us a dramatist in continuous touch with his audience—one who knows how in a theatre fun can be used to heighten feeling, how our minds may be managed and our hearts engaged by a climax cunningly prepared, how thoroughly we can be deceived precisely at that moment when our author seems to say that

there is no deception. In brief, we have here a play by a master of that fascinating game which enslaved young Wilhelm Meister to his puppets, and has drawn so many famous men of letters to the playhouse—most often to their own undoing. Sir Arthur once gave an address on Robert Browning in which he successfully showed that Browning was useless in the theatre. He simply had no taste and had given no study to the game. It mattered not at all that Browning as an English dramatic poet was second only to Shakespeare, and had projected himself into a greater diversity of souls than is to be found in any author outside Shakespeare in the whole range of the world's literature. Browning had no knowledge of the game and its necessary rigours—the game in which Sir Arthur is a born practitioner. Charles Lamb was hissed from the stage; Tennyson and Byron sigh in vain for opportunities to be tedious in public; Shelley and Swinburne wrote plays expressly designed never to be enacted. Clearly there is something in dramatic authorship with which literary merit has no connection. And so we return to our own case, and confess that Sir Arthur has what was lacking to these illustrious failures. He knows the game, and thereby "earns his place in the story."

In this play at the New Theatre Sir Arthur's gifts are exhibited at their best. He shows us a group of nature's freaks (a giant, a lady contortionist, a skeleton man, and two midgets) introduced into a suburban household. The audacity of their introduction in the first act might well alarm the stoutest audience. Nothing could seem more surely bound in the direction of crude farce. But we are speedily reassured. It is our author's purpose to reveal in these outlandish creatures a humanity in which we are gradually to lose sight of their freakishness. We are to observe their devotions and loyalties, their capacity for life and love, a pride which is incorruptible, an honesty which abhors the casuist, a wisdom which cannot be seduced to see things as they are not. It is a bold enterprise—one in which feeling is tested continually by being brought into touch with farce. There is no better test for our sentiments than to submit them to the contact of ridicule. If our tragedies successfully survive our perception that they are ludicrous, then they are tragedies indeed, and not moonshine from the latest popular romance. The feeling in Sir Arthur's "The Freaks" is not only unimpaired by its grotesque environment, it is even heightened. There is a scene—one of the best we have had on our stage for many years—in which a suburban vicar is implored by the lady contortionist to pray for the giant who is lying sick upstairs. Sir Arthur has in this scene avoided no mocking circumstance which might be thought likely to spoil the impressiveness of the situation. His motley troupe are in their circus clothes; there is an uncle and aunt in the background who hitherto have been exclusively associated with comic relief; nobody on the stage has, so far as we know, any real religious convictions. Nevertheless the scene is emotionally a success. Its humanity is proof against the incidental absurdities. It is revealed as authentic by conditions which would have entirely destroyed anything less warmly felt or honestly realised by the author. The play throughout has a sterling sincerity in which all the incongruities are reconciled. It is strictly in accordance with this honesty that the young lovers of the play (the suburban boy and the circus girl, the suburban girl and the circus man) are not allowed to marry and live happy ever afterwards. The girl, of course, is quite heartbroken at the time; but she lives for another five minutes, and her sentiments, at the end of that period, are those of the lady in 'Captain Brassbound's Conversion': "What an escape!"

We will mention only the two best acting achievements of the evening. Easily first was Mr. C. V. France's introduction of his prayer for the sick giant. This was something more than tact and a fine technical equipment, though these were abundantly in presence. Mr. Fred Kerr's reading from 'Macbeth' was equally right, but his task was lighter and less exacting.

MUSIC: SINGING IN GERMAN.

TO most people the very sound of German speech and accent is so obnoxious at the present time that it causes an involuntary shudder. It seems to suggest dreadful things; and the law of suggestion is not easily resisted. Heard in the street or even in the drawing-room, one can escape it by getting out of ear-shot. At a concert the same remedy is available, but perhaps at the cost of a great pleasure—that of listening to beautiful music which one loves to hear well sung. Such a sacrifice ought surely not to be necessary. The songs of Schubert, Schumann, and Brahms, when sung in London, are no more indissolubly allied to the language that gave them birth than is Shakespeare to the original English text when performed in Berlin. The right plan in the former case, as in the latter, must obviously be to use the best translation that can be had and present these familiar gems through the medium of the tongue that is “understood of the people.” It possesses, here at least, the double advantage of getting rid of the objectionable Teutonic *timbre*, and revealing the meaning of the poem to the otherwise blissfully ignorant listener. Vocalists are beginning to see this.

Being under the impression that the practice ought to be commended, for the sake both of sensitive ears and “uncultured” minds unacquainted as yet with Goethe or Heine, I was rather disappointed the other day when I came across the following sentence in a notice in the “leading journal” of a recital given by Miss Carrie Tubb: “It seemed a pity that Miss Tubb should have chosen to sing her Schubert and Brahms to English words, but she may have felt happier in so doing.” No doubt she did; and the vast majority of her audience were unquestionably just as happy on that account as herself. But why “a pity”? Are these glorious *Lieder* less inspired or less inspiring when divorced from their original text? Or will it be seriously contended that they ought to be boycotted, unless we are willing to pay the penalty of listening to the mellifluous cadences of the German language, sung, moreover, by British or American singers? Neither argument will hold water for a moment. The pity, rather, is that anything should be said to discourage the use of our own language, as far as it can possibly be employed, in the concert room almost as much as in the opera house—for the better training of the musical public, to appeal to their intelligence, to improve their taste through mental grasp as well as mere sensuous enjoyment. We clamour for better translations of operatic librettos and foreign songs; we demand a clearer articulation, a purer pronunciation of words, so that all who listen may comprehend. These things may be slow in coming, but they are indubitably on their way, and meanwhile no single chance should be lost of fostering a national love for the musical beauties, of whatever origin, which they can and do convey.

No one seems to have noticed an interesting musical anniversary which occurred on the 10th of this month, viz., the 75th birthday of Adelina Patti, Baroness Cederström. But in one paper at least it has been mentioned as falling on the 19th—a very old mistake, which was corrected a few years ago by a copy of the original entry in the register of the church in Madrid, in the parish where the diva was born. In ordinary times such an event would have excited much interest and many references to the career of an illustrious singer who for half a century had the world at her feet. Madame Patti still lives at her castle in the Swansea Valley, and is in excellent health. H. K.

CORRESPONDENCE.

“BURKE AND THE TYRANNY OF THE MAJORITY.”

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The prominence given in your issue of 12 January to Burke’s opinion moves me to say that his warning against the tyranny which the majority

in a democracy may possibly exercise over the minority was well known to the founders of the Republic of the United States in 1787-8, nor is the admonition forgotten to-day. They provided against Burke’s predicted evil by inserting in the constitution several clauses for the security of the rights, of life, liberty and property of the individual, derived from the experiences of the English Revolution of the 17th century, when, among other things Magna Carta was reaffirmed at the conclusion of our civil war. Those principles were made binding upon the several states. Thus, whenever the legislature of a state or of the nation enacts a measure, its constitutionality may be called in question before a judge, with ultimate appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States. In this way many such laws are annually annulled by the higher courts, and the rights of the minority and of individuals safeguarded. So far in our history this practice has worked well; Canada has followed it, and to-day we see the Privy Council in London reviewing Acts of the Canadian Parliament to determine whether they conform to the organic law of the Dominion. The Australian Commonwealth, I believe, has like provisions.

In the face of all this, many of us in the United States fail to see why similar or analogous methods might not be set up for Ireland under her proposed Home Rule constitution, and the minority in Ulster and elsewhere protected against possible inequitable legislation by the Dublin Parliament through appropriate clauses insuring the right of appeal to the Privy Council.

In fact, it may become essential for Great Britain to frame a written constitution for the Empire, now that the House of Lords has been shorn of its powers of review and veto, a body which, on the whole, has wisely interpreted the so-called constitution of England; for now the people are quite at the mercy of a bare majority of the House of Commons.

Burke’s warning, none the less, still holds good, for influences both here and elsewhere are at work seeking to do away with all restrictions on the actions of Parliamentary majorities and so bring in the evils of the Greek democracies of the past. W.

Princeton, N.J., U.S.A.

5 February 1918.

THE STATE AND THE DOCTOR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In reply to your letter, I feel most strongly on the question of State medical service, having had two years’ experience of panel work for a friend who served in the R.A.M.C. until severely wounded; and in my opinion it will be most unsatisfactory to both the public and the medical profession.

The public strongly resent interference in their home life; and if the State authorised doctors to report on those families who in their opinion needed State help or advice, it would save not only unnecessary expense to the State but also greatly help to allay the rapidly-growing bad feeling among the poorer classes towards both the State and the medical profession.

From the medical point of view it would still further lower the profession in the eyes of the public, the National Insurance Act being a severe blow to the medical profession, from which it has not recovered; in fact, it is just becoming a trade.

The greatest tact is, in my opinion, absolutely necessary when dealing with the people’s homes, or the desired effect is completely lost, and, unfortunately, one in a thousand of the people appointed to visit the poorer classes have it.

I have had some years’ experience of a large middle-class practice, and am convinced that the above is correct.

Faithfully yours,

Newlands, (Dr.) CLAUD S. FOSTER.

88, Shoot-Up-Hill, N.W.2.

Feb. 16, 1918.

LORD DENBIGH ON GERMAN WAR AIMS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—No one reads with higher appreciation than do I the telling addresses of Mr. Rudyard Kipling—whom I have had the honour of knowing personally since 1885; but when I spend an hour and a-half listening intently in the company of the London Chamber of Commerce to a powerful and convincing address by Lord Denbigh, and the next day find that the leading London journals devote columns to the report of the former and ignore the latter, I am moved to protest. After Lord Denbigh had completed his clearly thought-out and forcibly delivered exposition of what German victory in this war would mean for England, the President of the London Chamber of Commerce reminded his audience that the lecturer had been addressing a body far from patient or tolerant of mediocrity, and yet not a man in the room but that hung keenly upon his words from start to finish. This, he added, was Lord Denbigh's 38th lecture, and the sixth within the week, and I myself heard Lord Denbigh say that at Coventry he had given the working men an hour and forty minutes, and that when, after an hour and twenty, he had hinted at being "too long," he was greeted with cries of "go on!" Of the hundreds who were present on Friday in the hall of the Cannon Street Hotel, all are witnesses of the intense interest and close attention with which Lord Denbigh's clear demonstrations and cogent reasoning were followed.

I am impelled to write this by my sense of the obtuseness of the London Press, which professes to be the flower of the Press of the Empire. Will the Repington case overturn the Empire? (I regarded the war expert as having taken a back seat long ago). Some papers to-day give it two or three columns. The pith of Lord Denbigh's address was that the security of the British Empire rested upon victory in favour of the Allies, and for that the Press has no space.

Your obedient servant,
A. C. YATE (Lieut.-Colonel).

The Athenæum.
Feb. 16th, 1918.

THE LONDON HOSPITAL'S MILLION HALF-CROWNS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Lord Knutsford is crying aloud for a million half-crowns for the London Hospital.

One means of helping the hospital financially has not been alluded to by him. Between the years 1897 and 1904 a sum of £18,049 1s. 2d. was taken from the general funds of the hospital and handed over to the school. He does not suggest that the school should refund this immense depredation.

The report of the Fry Commission mentions that:—"The hospital has also from time to time lent to the school, for enlargement and equipment (a sinister word, which may cover instruments of torture, gags, troughs, and all the rest of the horrible outfit) of the school, further sums, amounting in all to £2,711 1s. 3d., on which no interest is paid, but on which the school pays 2 per cent. in repayment. This loan now (1905) stands at £2,575 19s. 7d. (p. 124).

Perhaps this loan, at no interest, has now been paid off; perhaps it has not. In the latter case, if the need of the hospital is as urgent as Lord Knutsford's appeal would suggest, the school might be pressed for the payment of this unfortunate debt.

Some years ago we heard of an "endowment fund," which was inaugurated for the assistance of the school, and, if Lord Knutsford's world-famous talents for raising money from the public were diligently employed in support of that eleemosynary effort, there ought to be no difficulty in this emergency in securing for the hospital the restoration to it from the school of the £18,049 1s. 2d. handed over to it before the Fry Commission's condemnation put a stop to those inroads on the hospital's funds, and of recovering whatever remains of the loan at no interest, still not repaid.

It is in no spirit of hostility to Lord Knutsford's present appeal that I draw attention to these financial transactions, but rather for the purpose of aiding and abetting his valiant struggle to secure for the London Hospital the greatest amount possible. £18,049 paid back to the hospital by the school from its "endowment fund" would account for 144,392 out of the million halfcrowns now required, and it seems a pity to overlook a possible contribution of so substantial an amount.

I should have liked to have added a few of my own halfcrowns to the present subscription to show my sympathy with its object, on condition that none of them reached the school, but Lord Knutsford when last I sent a subscription to the hospital returned it to me in a fit of spleen, and I hesitate to intrude again upon a chairman who thus interprets his duty to the sick poor.

STEPHEN COLERIDGE.

The Ford, Chobham,
18 February, 1918.

ECCLESIASTICAL POLITY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Will you allow me, as one who has long been in intimate touch with ecclesiastical matters, to comment briefly on your very frank article under this heading? Its gist is that, be truth what it may, a national Church must in the present day allow a comprehensive latitude of teaching, extending even to the "non-acceptance, as physical facts, of the cardinal doctrines of the Incarnation, the Resurrection, and the Miracles." Refusing to do so, she invites disestablishment, and is doomed to such a place as she can secure in the scuffling anarchy of competing sects. You, therefore, "writing from the point of view of Erastian Christianity," think that "the Archbishop of Canterbury was indisputably right" in consecrating Dr. Henson, though His Grace should have given his true reasons more candidly.

And yet, sir, the exclamation one has heard from a hundred influential mouths in the last few weeks is this: "Of course, the Hereford business brings disestablishment immensely nearer. The Archbishop has done the very thing he wanted to avoid." It was ecclesiastically-minded people who spoke and wrote thus, to be sure. But that means five-sixths of the clergy and the bulk of the active and interested laity. Anyone going about in Church circles recently will testify how often it has been said: "I am an old Tory. I have always upheld the union of Church and State, and regard disestablishment with horror. But there is nothing for it now but that." In fact, the more Conservative people are, the more they are demanding a great change. It is Liberals and Broad Churchmen who defend the existing state of things. I quite admit that it is one thing for a man to say "This has converted me to disestablishment," and another to look at it calmly and *sicis oculis* in the shape of an actual Government Bill. Disestablishment would leave the national life, Gladstone said, a bleeding and lacerated mass, and he declared that it would cost £90,000,000 in buying out vested interests. To suppose that it would necessarily give the Church liberty is an illusion. Nevertheless, it would preclude the gradual flooding of the high places of the Church with heretical teachers, and the compromising of the Church of England in the eyes of Christendom.

My point is that you cannot run the historic Church of this country without the clergy and the orthodox laity. The assumption is that these will submit with a grumble whereas the rest of the nation will not submit to any exclusion of advanced free-thinkers from bishoprics. I confess I do not think that the latter theory is true, and if the Primate had stood up to the Prime Minister in such a clear case the nation would have respected him and the Church of which he is the head. But I am quite sure that the former theory is wholly mistaken. The dissatisfaction of Churchpeople with the existing relations of Church and State has been growing in intensity and the Hereford nomination has brought it to a head. I wish to say nothing which is not quite sober and restrained. But it is absolutely certain that

another appointment of the same kind would shake the Church of England to its foundations. Thousands are already saying: "Before this is repeated, let us get free from a hopelessly secularised democratic State. Dis-establishment from within may be quite tolerable."

For my own part, I conceive that anomalies and disabilities arising for the Church of England out of thirteen centuries of union with the national life, now so largely alienated from her authority, should be borne with very patiently. I cling to the threads that are left of a great Christian ideal. But, sir, there is a limit, and it has nearly been reached.—I have the honour to be your very obedient servant,

A MEMBER OF THE "CHURCH
AND STATE GRAND COMMITTEE"
AND PROCTOR IN CONVOCATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The letter under this heading in last week's SATURDAY REVIEW is one of the few that rightly consider the condition of the clergy. A passage in your leading article is quoted, in which you say, and it is worth repeating, "It is much, very much, that there should be in every parish an English gentleman whose calling is, by precept and example, to elevate the minds and purify the conduct of his neighbours."

Better words on the place the clergy should occupy there could not be, but it is essential that the clergy should be enabled to fill this important position by the receipt of an adequate stipend.

This is not so, and your correspondent, quoting the *Yorkshire Post*, tells us "that many of these said English gentlemen, appointed by the Church in rural parishes, are in the direst straits of poverty owing to the all-round rise in costs of living."

Now the parson is usually supposed to be a very bad man of business—he is anything but this. He manages to live in a larger house, on a smaller income, than his fellows, and he educates his family well, and often sends his sons to the University. The complaint against him is that "he wants everything for nothing." The basis of all business transactions seems to me to get things at the least cost, and if the parson gets them for nothing he is simply doing a little better than the layman on his own lines.

Why, then, is he so poor? It is not business incapacity; it is the actual need of an adequate stipend, but often so well hidden that it is neither understood nor appreciated. To the poor and the small tradesmen amongst whom he works his stipend is "wages," and £4 a week appears to them a large sum, and he pays for his goods, bought locally, at the higher rate accordingly. The better-class folk, however, know his real condition, and he receives many acts of kindness and substantial help from them.

Your correspondent is perfectly right in his suggestion as to who is to blame for this unfortunate state of things. The bishops, as a matter of fact, know their clergy very little and very imperfectly, and they have no experience of their condition. From the first they have usually been marked men. Some have held high positions in schools. Few, or none, have had to live on a very small income in a country living. When they visit their clergy it is usually on some special occasion, and an effort has been made at entertainment, which usually hides the real state of things.

Nothing illustrates this better than the lack of any pension scheme for the clergy. Occasionally it is mentioned at a conference, but it is promptly put aside in favour of a Diocesan Fund, or something which calls upon the clergy to contribute, not to receive. The first reason, then, of clerical poverty is not the indifference, but the ignorance, of the bishops as to its real nature.

The visit to America may alter this scandal. For, amongst other things, the Archbishop of York will surely inquire into the working of the pension scheme recently adopted by the American Church.

You, I think, sir, state the present value of a pound to be twelve shillings. It would be unfair not to mention an attempt to enable the clergy to live on their decreased incomes. An augmentation grant, not ex-

ceeding £10, has been sent to a number of the clergy whose stipends were less than £300. It was a large amount for the clergy, albeit a small one for anyone else, for our school teachers augmentation grant is £12 yearly.

What is the result of this clerical poverty? It is evident: Men cannot afford to take Holy Orders. It is well known that many livings require private means, and, therefore, there is a decline in the number and the status of the clergy—so much so, that your happy remark about there being an "English gentleman" in every parish is not always quite the case.

I will not occupy your space with the question of dilapidations, expensive vicarage houses, and consequent over-taxation. They are contributing causes which add to the burden of insufficient stipends.

What is wanted is a readjustment of clerical payment, with some show or attempt at equality. I am quite aware that it is attended with enormous difficulty. At the same time, I am convinced that nothing is so likely to bring it about as the plain speaking in the columns of your paper.

When a thing is called by its right name it attracts attention, and its alteration or removal may be insisted upon.—Yours faithfully,

RUSTICUS.

D.O.R.A.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Unless my memory is at fault, a certain great Radical statesman, who sometimes signed himself "Historicus" (but it happened in his unregenerate days), compared Mr. Gladstone to St. Athanasius, who (as he said) "First propounded a creed which he could not explain himself, and then added damatory clauses."

It seems to have been reserved for another statesman to go one better, and propound the damatory clauses first, and then (no, not propound the creed himself), but leave it to the administrators of the penalties to discover the creed for him, leaving to him the option of extending clemency; but in all cases casting the "onus probandi" upon the accused (which last is contrary to the rules of common law as practised in Great Britain), and gives opportunities to the malicious interloper.

I refer, of course, to what is known as "Food Hoarding."

For obvious reasons I prefer not to sign my own name, but will assume one which has the same initials as above, and enclose my card.

DIURNUS OPERUM RHONNÆ ADMINISTRATOR.

TRAINING FOR BUSINESS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The accepted highest standard of present-day education is, without question, that of a combination of the older public schools and Oxford and Cambridge. This standard is only set by the two conjointly, neither the one nor the other being able to stand alone: the public schools, from the fact that their main training and traditions are for the two Universities; the Universities because they offer a really hearty welcome only to the public school boy, all others entering with some handicap, trivial or serious, according to the individual case. The big public schools are already endeavouring to review the situation, but it does not seem to be apparent that they recognise that, without the collaboration of Oxford and Cambridge, no schemes of educational reform on their part can be complete or even adequate.

Not only is the Oxford and Cambridge standard a basis to which the older schools work, but the larger London and provincial day-schools also work to the same standard, and measure their successes by the achievements of their scholars primarily at Oxford or Cambridge instead of at their local Universities, to which the bulk of their pupils would, one would think, naturally gravitate. They, as well as the other public schools, recruit, or endeavour to recruit, all their teaching staff from Oxford or Cambridge, so that these

and their standards permeate all secondary education in the country.

To avoid any misconception, a "commercial" education is not necessarily a "wage-earning" education, and this point cannot be too strongly emphasized, as many people consider the two terms synonymous, and in consequence are justified in being prejudiced against the former as an educational medium. Unless, therefore, it is conceded that a commercial course at the University should be theoretical or scientific in the main, the desired object would not be achieved.

The course should be made attractive not only to those destined for a purely commercial career, but also to those who by heredity will be called upon to administer larger properties, so that practical methods and fresh views, founded on scientific training, be available for those large private trusts, i.e., land-ownerships, which are factors in our national life. The Overseas (Rhodes) Scholars would probably be attracted, also Civil Service candidates, while this very demand for training in business would require a constant stream of teachers, with the Oxford and Cambridge tradition and outlook, to fill the posts at the higher technical schools, specialised commercial schools, and the courses which would be likely to be added to the curriculum of all better-class schools.

Finally, an opportunity will be afforded of educating the desired type of commercial expert for the Diplomatic and Consular Services, whereby the ease of manner and "savoir faire" rightly considered a necessity for these careers, as representing directly H.B.M. Government, may be combined with a specialised knowledge of the demands of commerce. The fact that Oxford and Cambridge, of all our Universities, set the hallmark on this polish of mind and manner, should attract not only more of the class associated with Government appointments to the particular branch under discussion, but also draw into the Diplomatic Services recruits from the wealthier commercial community, who would infuse into it fresh blood.

It is probable that there already exist in the two Universities courses which meet the case of theoretical commercial and business training to a limited extent, but, even if they do fulfil the requirements in a greater measure than is apparent, the need of a definite commercial course remains, not only desirable for itself, but for all that it implies in the breaking down of barriers between commercial and professional careers.

In the last few years, some Oxford and Cambridge men have received commercial billets in large undertakings such as railways, shipbuilding firms, etc., with satisfactory results, but one looks for their appearance in what may be termed the bulk-trade of the country, viz., the trade of smaller things in smaller quantities (the aggregate being often no less than that of the biggest industrial undertakings). The expert knowledge and the broad outlook applied to seemingly trivial transactions would make for perfection of organisation and efficiency in our foreign trade.

There should be no lowering of the educational ideals at the Universities through the adoption of a commercial curriculum, rather should there be an appreciation that all careers are the same in so far that not only are their successes measured by the same standard of the sphere of influence attained or of the income derived, but that, with the exception perhaps of the "savant" and "research-worker," they depend for their success on the power of dealing with other individuals.

The closer ties of trade with educational matters open up great possibilities, chambers of commerce, combines, societies for the protection of trading interests can co-operate to achieve the highest educational advantages for that for which they stand. By creating Faculties of Commerce in Oxford and Cambridge, in addition to those in their local Universities, they earn not only the right to active participation in every scheme of national education, but they incidentally increase the prestige of commerce through all educational institutions in the Empire.

Yours faithfully,

A. P. SIMON.

33, Oxford Street, Manchester.

REVIEWS.

THE BRONTES.

Charlotte Brontë: A Centenary Memorial. Edited for the Brontë Society by Butler Wood, with a Foreword by Mrs. Humphry Ward. Fisher Unwin. 8s. 6d. net.

SOCIETIES devoted to rescuing the fame or raising the reputation of some particular author have seldom left us the verdicts on that author which we wish to remember. There is something in a special cult which leads to extravagance and to emphasis on points which are really unimportant. The cult flourishes and grows and does its special pleading, and dies out—"acribus initiis incurioso fine" is its epitaph. After a time the scenery and personalia of the subject are exhausted, and minute discoveries of some new scrap of writing which the ghost of the idol might well desire to remain buried take on a tremendous importance. The true literary critic can always find something new to say about genius, which he views with the changed eyes of his own period. Genius may be as familiar, yet as old and new, as the sun and the moon. But critics of this sort are rare, both inside and outside special Societies. We remember the Browning Society chiefly for its fireworks and dissensions, while the New Shakespeare Society left us the spectacle of its eminent and learned parent exchanging Billingsgate with a poet who knew a good deal about Shakespeare, but not so much about keeping his temper. Fortunately "that old, common arbitrator, Time," decides all—not the voice of a coterie. It has buried the works of Tupper, and has decided that the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven is not negligible in spite of the critics of Leipsic who heard it first. No author or composer can be permanently written up or down—except by himself or herself.

The main point about the Brontës is their circumscribed life, and the consequent poverty of the material they had to draw upon. Was Charlotte justified in taking real people and pinning them like dead butterflies into her pages? Is Paul Emanuel, her greatest character, comparable to the renowned figures of novelists with a wider experience of life, and a hold on the philosophy of life which she lacked? Sir Sidney Lee starts on this inquiry, but he does not carry it far. To us it seems that art seldom copies in large masses from life with success: rather it takes hints and corners, it builds up a new creation founded on life, indeed, but quickened by the writer's own imagination, intuition, and creative power. There never was an Uncle Toby in life, but there was, perhaps, something like him—indeed, we know that there was something like him, for he had with his other enviable qualities much of Sterne's own whimsical gifts. But his bowling-green is an enchanted refuge from the world, a paradise beyond its limits. Charlotte Brontë over-used her scanty material and was a bad guesser at phases of life she did not know: witness her smart society and her Rochester, a creature not, indeed, so wild as her sister's Heathcliff, but lacking the wonderful intensity which makes 'Wuthering Heights' at once one of the strongest and strangest books in the language.

There is nothing equal in this volume of the Brontë Society to Mrs. Meynell's essay which we were reviewing the other day. On the topographical and personal side of the subject several papers afford an agreeable means of information. The Brontë country to-day is nothing like so wild as it was, and we find Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe's raptures on 'The Spirit of the Moors' somewhat cloying. Indeed, we are almost inclined to sympathise with the limitations of Peter Bell, when we come on the statement:—"At the end of all, there are primroses, dewy-eyed with faith and hope in the long hereafter." Mr. Sutcliffe falls into blank verse, a sure sign of overstrain in prose. Mr. M. H. Spielmann reprints from the 'Times Literary Supplement,' with revision, an elaborate paper on 'Charlotte Brontë in Brussels.' We do not find, however, a reproduction of the map which he secured from Mlle. Louise Heger to illustrate main buildings, routes, and points of interest.

We are, however, more interested in the life and art

of the Brontës than in the topography of their books. We wish that Mr. Gosse's 'Word' had been longer. He thinks it would have done Charlotte good to go to Paris instead of Brussels, and lose some of her cramping Puritanism. It pleases Dean Welldon to say in his Centenary Address:—"Charlotte Brontë was not embittered by the pains, the losses, and the disappointments of her life. They only quickened her insight and her sympathy. But it may well be doubted if she could have written her books with such pathetic intensity if she had not passed through the deep waters of affliction."

This is edifying, but we do not believe it. Why should we suppose that her passionate soul and insistent gift for expressing it would have been submerged in a larger, freer life? She was partly embittered, and we agree with Prof. Vaughan that her literary portraits had a little too much of personal pique about them. The originals were not always pleased, any more than Leigh Hunt was with Dickens, and it is putting the thing rather one-sidedly to suggest that the work of identifying originals... was "commenced a little too soon for the authoress's own peace of mind." She fairly earned all the distress that came to her in that way. She is not, indeed, as Dr. Garnett suggests, "topical" in the feeble and temporary style of some modern novelists, but her artistry is some way below her natural endowments. In the midst of her passion in 'Jane Eyre' she gives us what Mr. Chesterton calls "one of the finest detective stories in the world," and what others call melodrama. That novel brought out the ugly heroine; it also brought into fashion in later fiction a crude race of men and lovers whose violence and bad manners have commended them to feminine pens.

In style the sisters at their best are admirable, as Mrs. Meynell has shown, but their main narrative is heavy with Latinisms, almost priggish; nor can we accept Prof. Vaughan's rather vague apologia about literary rhetoric. He seems to think that at present writers are too full of "urbanity and plainness and simplicity." We cannot say that we have noticed any marked excess of these qualities for some years past. We have seen a fair amount of obscurity and a good deal of clumsy and ignorant English of which Charlotte Brontë would have been incapable when she was a schoolgirl. When reputations have once been made, writers are followed by a sheep-like band of imitators who know nothing about style. And exaggeration gathers so easily round a gifted family. Where, we wonder, did Dr. A. C. Benson discover the "amazing brilliance" of Branwell Brontë?

Mr. Keighley Snowden's address on 'The Brontës as Artists and Prophets' is one of the most sensible things in the volume. He writes as a craftsman with modern fiction in view, and with a sense of the faults which were "the defects of noble qualities." But the claims which he makes for the sisters surely put them above a cult. Their lives were hard, cramped with poverty, deprived of the common comforts of humanity, and long after their deaths—the irony of Providence is strong in literature—their MSS. and personal relics fetch huge prices, belonging rather to the American millionaire than to the Brontë Society. We wish Lucian were alive to examine once again the owners of such literary treasures.

UPS AND DOWNS.

The Lancashire Hollands. By Bernard Holland, C.B. Murray. 18s.

VIEWED as an historical treatise, this interesting account of a remarkable family has great merit;

as a genealogical work, which the title implies, it is not profound. A family of de Holand appears early in the 13th century as owner of the manor or district now known as Up Holland near Wigan, distinguished from Down Holland in Lancashire. Before the creation of the Earldom of Lancashire the de Hollands held lands in capite of the King, afterwards as sub-tenants of the Earls. They made grants to the Abbey of Cockersand, and in the Chartulary of that Abbey Sir Adam de Holand appears as a witness, and as a juror in 1270-80. Later a Sir Robert became Secretary to Thomas Earl of Lancaster.

This Sir Robert de Holand was summoned to Parliament and if he sat there, he became, according to the decisions of the House of Lords, a Peer of the Realm. His lands were forfeited as part of the Earldom and were restored on the Restitution, but the friends of the Earl accused him of having betrayed his patron and put him to death. Nevertheless from this time the issue of Robert, whose summons to Parliament is a curious illustration of the selection of Peers from a status which was certainly not that of Barons, rose to pre-eminence in a truly amazing manner. In the course of a century they invariably married Ladies of the Royal Family, or of the highest feudal nobility, one of whom, a Holand widow, became wife of the Black Prince and mother of Richard II. The de Hollands became Earls of Kent, Earls of Huntingdon, Dukes of Exeter, and one, for a brief moment, Duke of Surrey. All through the Plantagenet reigns and the dynastic wars with France the Hollands were prominent actors in public affairs, in wars, and in tournaments. They are constantly mentioned in the pages of Froissart and other historians of the age of chivalry. Such a development of rank, and, we presume, of ability, is perhaps unequalled in feudal history, for the origin of the family must have been an impediment.

Mr. Holland has given us a dramatic and often brilliant narrative of some two hundred years, though it is marred occasionally by the suggestion of coincidence, in the manner of the late Mr. Andrew Lang. For example, on page iii. he says:—"Richard II. consented to the death of Burley for the same reason that Charles I. deplorably consented to that of the Earl of Strafford—weakness in face of force." There are several interjections of this kind, and they irritate rather than instruct the reader. The description (page 142) of St. Andrews as "an obscure and impossible Scottish See" may be intended for satire.

These Earls and Dukes can hardly be described as Hollands of Lancashire. They held great estates, the vast majority of which lay outside the Palatine County, and the title of the book is no doubt intended to pave the way for the statement that the family of the author is of the same male ancestry. So great a claim requires original research, but Mr. Bernard Holland is content with the speculations of genealogists. That the ancestor from whom he claims descent was uncle to Robert Lord de Holand rests, so far as we have ascertained, on a summons for trespass in 1268, for which no authority is given even in a footnote. Mr. Holland candidly admits that the pedigree must be traced through two illegitimate links, which fact was not in past centuries so important as in modern genealogy. We think it not improbable that the claim could be proved, but the difficulty of tracing younger sons in the 12th and 13th centuries is usually insuperable. Even in the latter part of the volume, the author is more interested in the acts of his remote relations than in their pedigree, and a pleasing consequence is an account of Catholic (Holland) Martyrs, one being the famous Jesuit Thomas, whose life and death are beautifully described. This is preceded by observations on

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the position of the Anglican Church which will not command universal assent.

We have said enough to indicate that Mr. Bernard Hoiland's work will give several classes of readers great pleasure. It is valuable as an Historical Essay and creates a vivid perception of an age of giants. It is beautifully printed and the illustrations are excellent.

POLE AND RUSSIAN.

"Pan Tadeusz ; or, The Last Foray in Lithuania."

By Adam Mickiewicz. Translated from the Polish by George Rapall Noyes. Dent. 6s.

ADAM MICKIEWICZ, poet and patriot, was doomed to spend the greater part of his life in exile, as the price of his patriotism. Petrograd, Moscow, Rome, and Paris harboured him in turn ; and the elements of cosmopolitan thought and culture helped to expand and feed his native poetic genius. The ardour of his thwarted political enthusiasms inspired lyrics which have no equal in the Polish language, and poems *de longue haleine* such as 'The Forefathers,' 'Conrad Wallenrod,' and 'Pan Tadeusz'—the fine epic now presented to us in prose. This poem covers the critical years of 1811 and 1812, and closes at the moment when Russia, menaced by the armies of France, was apparently *in extremis*, and the Poles—whom Buonaparte had already propitiated by creating the duchy of Warsaw—were hailing his approach with premature delight.

The glory of that fleeting vision of freedom had faded long before Mickiewicz conceived the framework of his masterpiece, but the poignant memories of the false dawn and its eclipse must have been with him while he wrote. Yet the poem is singularly free from bitterness of spirit. It is rather an indictment of the fatal lack of unity among the Poles themselves than a direct appeal for justice upon their despoilers.

'Pan Tadeusz' is well fitted to brave the ordeal of a prose rendering. The romantic incidents which form the plot are interwoven with many historical allusions and faithful descriptions of Lithuanian scenery. The exiled poet has constantly before his mind's eye the vision of the forests of Lithuania. The types of character and manners of the Polish gentlefolk of the period are drawn with sympathy and humour. The Judge, the Seneschal, the Warden and the Bernardine monk—who is the real hero of the piece—are only a few chosen from a whole gallery of living portraits illustrative of an age that has passed away. Zosia and Telemina, the simple-minded heroine and her coquettish aunt, on the other hand, are each relatively true to the eternal feminine. One might meet them any day in Russian or Polish provincial society. The love-story of Thaddeus and Zosia is little more than a thread, linking together a succession of episodes—feastings, hunting-parties, armed frays, and rustic pleasure-making, interspersed with quaint and fanciful smiles and set in a frame of natural beauty.

The translator has done his work excellently in the main ; but one meets occasionally with those curious lapses from which so few translations are wholly free. In a passage of considerable idyllic charm we are suddenly confronted with the "blue chest" of a pond, and, when the party of squires and dames go mushroom-gathering, we are mildly scandalised to learn that their attire consisted of "linen dusters." Such slips are, however, comparatively rare.

"A Russian Schoolboy." By Serge Aksakoff.

Translated from the Russian by J. D. Duff. Edward Arnold. 7s. 6d. net.

SERGE AKSAKOFF, the friend and loyal admirer of Gogol, wrote his 'Memoirs of a Sportsman of Orenburg,' some twelve years before the first appearance of Turveniev's celebrated 'Sportsman's Tales.' He lacked the great novelist's imaginative powers, but shared in a high degree the classic serenity of his style.

Aksakoff's 'Family Chronicle' (on which his fame in Russia chiefly rests), his recollections of childhood and boyhood, and his sporting sketches, are one and all relations of fact. Their charm is due in a great measure to the perfect candour of the narrator, to the youthful freshness of feeling which age had no power to stale, and to a love of Nature which animated every scene he described with vital beauty. "There is more life in your birds than in my human beings," Gogol is said to have remarked to him.

These recollections of school and college days were published by Aksakoff in his 65th year. They are worthy to rank with Tolstoy's 'Childhood' and 'Boyhood.' The relations of mother and son are described with touching simplicity. When he was first transplanted from his country home to the Government school at Kazan, a delicate, hyper-sensitive boy of nine years of age, the separation had tragic results. Madame Aksakoff was refined and intellectual and a devoted mother. She recognised the necessity of a systematic course of education for her boy, but she was woefully emotional, and he suffered much. In the end his health became so seriously undermined that he was given a year's reprieve from school life, and went home rejoicing to the family estate in the Eastern province of Ufa, which adjoins Orenburg. The description of the journey by road to Aksakovo is one of the most delightful passages in the book.

Aksakoff was among the first students admitted to the University founded at Kazan in 1804. There he learnt neither Latin nor Greek, but became an enthusiastic lover of Russian literature. He also developed an ardent passion for the stage and for natural history. Not until many years later did Aksakoff apply himself to authorship. His ample means enabled him to indulge his love of sport, and his appreciation of the masterpieces of Russian literature rendered him self-critical. His charm is so unforced as to be difficult to seize, but it is never absent. It has all the glamour of a delightful personality, which one accepts as a matter of course. His heart was young to the last. His art was devoted to what he knew and loved. His limpid, flowing style, joined to an extraordinary memory for significant details, and his keenness of observation, raise him to the first rank of Russian writers. Vivid character sketches are rare in the 'Russian Schoolboy,' but in their place we have open-air scenes of Virgilian beauty and pictures of peasant life before the great act of emancipation which show that Serfdom was not all suffering.

Mr. Duff is to be congratulated on the success of his translation.

HE WOULD BE A PHILOSOPHER.

W. E. Ford: A Biography. By J. D. Beresford and Kenneth Richmond. Collins. 6s. net.

BUT first he was a schoolmaster. Not an ordinary one, though. Not one of the scholars or "blues" who work hard to develop boys' minds and bodies, and not infrequently earn the regard and respect of their pupils and as often the contempt of stern educational reformers. Rather he resembled a certain Matthew Weyburn, who relieved Lord Ormont of his Aminta and set up a school of an idealistic character in Switzerland. This is not to say that W. E. Ford took away anyone else's Aminta, though, as most readers will think (his biographers do not), he behaved with scant consideration for the good name of an Aminta who might have become his own. But that is a detail. The publication of the life of W. E. Ford, a man known only to a small circle, is justified by the authors on the ground that he was a great educationist and an original thinker. One inquires, therefore, how far they have made good these claims.

It is evident that Ford was a clever fellow, who tumbled up the stairs of youth with a haphazard training which encouraged him to think for himself and made him an excellent teacher. If Pestalozzi, Froebel, and Mme. Montessori had not existed, he might have been styled an original thinker in matters educational.

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But we cannot see that in his school for boys and girls in Holland Road he did other than carry out an admixture of their principles. Mme. Montessori is not mentioned in these pages, but Ford's theories have a certain affinity with hers. As he died in 1914, it is conceivable he was unacquainted with them. Ideas are in the air, and people catch them as they do influenza. Averse from the narrow principle that only one type of education is worth anything, we willingly believe that Ford's pupils made prodigious strides; but, as he could not persuade the parents to leave them with him after the age of fourteen, he gave up his school in disgust.

Since society would not accept his system, he now set himself to find out what was wrong with society. For all we know he might have become, had he lived, another Herbert Spencer. But, inasmuch as he died before he had begun to formulate his theory, being at the time immersed in preliminary investigations, we cannot think that his biographers are wise in endeavouring, principally on the strength of remembered conversations, to expound his philosophy, as to the meaning of which (by the way) they are not at one. Mr. Beresford, in a series of chapters which strike us as pretentious and egotistical, is chiefly concerned with Ford as philosopher. We can hardly fancy that Ford would thank him for a very incoherent presentation of his subject's metaphysical ideas, couched in a dreadful philosophical jargon which revels (of course) in "values," and is pervaded by the repetition of that terrible substantive "urge," a use of the word unknown to English dictionaries, and presumably Americanese. As to ethics, Ford thought we ought to teach "a coherent system of social philosophy" in our schools. But we have first to agree on the system, and unless we are to be Prussianised it is unlikely that we ever shall. The most tangible clue to Ford's own opinion on the matter that we have been able to discover is the statement that he believed in "the perfect submission of the unit" to the community. There is nothing very original in that; and, if we want to see its delectable results in action, we do not need to look further afield than twentieth-century Germany.

THE SPIRIT OF LANCASHIRE.

His Job. By Horace Bleackley. London: John Lane.

MR. HORACE BLEACKLEY could not write a stupid novel if he tried, and, needless to say, he has not tried. 'His Job' is the glorification of the Lancashire bleacher, and a very good story of love and business, with a sound preachment about the value of individualism as compared with the soulless "Combine." Ronald Egerton is the fourth generation of a family of bleachers, educated at Harrow, a good cricketer, and forced by a sensible father to attend to the mill instead of going into the Army. The dye-works, and the sturdy Lancashire foremen and hands are well described in good Lancashire dialect, their loyalty and pride and industry being skilfully brought out. Ronald falls in love with the pretty daughter of the manager of the works; and Mr. Bleackley succeeds in presenting us with a very attractive heroine, educated in Belgium, without a trace of provincial accent, and wearing clothes of French distinction. Egerton *père* and the manager of the works object, with Lancashire directness, to so unequal a match, and as Ronald and Maggie have got engaged, the manager packs his daughter off to Brussels to live with her Belgian uncle and aunt. A fire breaks out at the works, and Barlow, the manager, in his heroic attempt to save a book of patterns, gets killed, why, we do not understand. The next day Ronald receives a letter from Maggie telling him she is going to marry Lord Harry Calvert, whom she had met as the Conservative candidate for the division, and coolly asking, as jilts do, to be forgiven. Old Egerton is then killed off, and Ronald is left in splendid isolation, monarch of all he surveys in "the clough," sole owner of the bleaching works, for which a syndicate offers him a quarter of a million in cash. Then comes Mr. Bleackley's moral. Ronald thinks it

THE ORIGIN OF GOUT.

HOW TO DETECT URIC ACID SYMPTOMS.

Uric acid, the fundamental cause of all gouty suffering, is in reality a normal product of the human system, owing its existence partly to its introduction into the body as a constituent of certain classes of food, and partly as a result of the natural tissue changes—the wearing out and repairing processes constantly going on.

As soon almost as uric acid gets into your circulation from either of these sources it gives you evidence of its disturbing presence by certain well-defined symptoms, which are Nature's signals of impending gouty outbreaks. You feel out of sorts, heavy, and dull, especially in the mornings; your liver is out of order; you are restless, easily irritated, and sleep badly. You suffer from dyspepsia, flatulence, and heartburn. You are depressed, and trifling little affairs worry you. You have persistent and severe headaches. You frequently experience sensations of burning and irritation in the skin, or occasional twinges of pain in your joints, or there may be stiffness in joints and muscles, and dull aches in various parts of your body.

GOUTY PROGRESS.

In course of time, as the uric acid is thrown out of your blood and deposited in solid form in the tissues, joints, or organs, more definite and well-recognised forms of gout develop. When the uric acid crystals are spread over, or become embedded in the muscles, gouty rheumatism or lumbago results. At first there is only a slight sensation of stiffness, and an occasional catch of pain. Gradually, as the atoms congregate, and the sharp crystals bore their restless way into the substance of the muscle, they increase the stiffness, and the piercing of the penetrating acicular crystals causes the sharp, cutting pain that tortures sufferers from gouty rheumatism. This is the term employed when the muscles of the limbs and shoulders are affected, while lumbago is the name applied when the loin muscles particularly are involved. In the latter case the pain comes on usually in the morning, and is of a dull, gnawing character, greatly aggravated on movement of the body, especially when attempting to rise from a recumbent position. Exposure to cold or damp often precipitates an attack of these ailments, whilst a slight injury, an accidental blow or knock, or a strain of the muscles, will act in a similar fashion.

Other varieties of gouty suffering are chronic, or rheumatic gout, arising from the clogging uratic deposits in the joints, and attended by swelling, inflammation, pain and stiffness; sciatica and neuritis when the nerve-sheaths are penetrated by the sharp crystals, which cause the hot, stabbing pain in thighs or arms; kidney stone and gravel, which are simply deposits of urates in the organs; and gouty eczema, the inevitable result of uric acid forcing its way into the skin.

HOW TO ESCAPE GOUT.

As long as uric acid remains in the system so long will the pain and agony caused by its presence continue. The uratic masses must be converted into soluble substances, and swept out of the body before permanent relief can be obtained. It has been conclusively demonstrated that Bishop's Varalettes, acknowledged to be the most generally effective uric acid solvents and eliminants known, are the one remedy that really accomplish this. They go directly to the root of the matter, and expel uric acid from the system. The rational and scientific mode of action of Bishop's Varalettes is bound to result in successful alleviation of gouty suffering.

Bishop's Varalettes are made by an old-established firm of manufacturing chemists of the highest standing, who have for very many years made uric acid solvents a subject of special study. Their investigations into this branch of chemistry have enabled them to place in the hands of the medical profession and gouty subjects a remedy that is at once reliable, safe, and sure. Physicians recognise and acknowledge this by prescribing Bishop's Varalettes daily.

Bishop's Varalettes are free from any harmful ingredients, such as colchicum, iodides, mercury, potash, salicylates, and do not contain any purgative, narcotic, or anodyne drugs, so that even delicate subjects can take them with absolute confidence. They do not depress or lower the system in any way.

Bishop's Varalettes dissolve readily in any beverage, forming a refreshing, briskly effervescing, sparkling draught. They are quite tasteless, and so do not interfere with the flavour of the liquid in which they may be taken.

DIET AND GOUT.

There is scarcely any subject that gives rise to more discussion, or, at times, proves more perplexing, than the all-engrossing one of foods and drinks suitable for the goutily inclined. Popular opinions on this subject are often quite erroneous that it will be welcome news to you that a booklet has been recently published dealing with the whole question of diet in a clear, authoritative, and comprehensive manner.

No difficulty in future need arise in arranging pleasant, varied, and satisfying menus, made up wholly of uric-acid-free dishes. Classified lists are published of allowable and non-allowable foods, and the booklet forms a perfect guide for the gouty. It contains, in addition, a mass of useful information on the whole subject of uric acid disorders, which it briefly but clearly describes, and cannot fail to be of great value, as well as interest, to you.

A copy will be sent, post free, on application to the sole makers of Bishop's Varalettes, Alfred Bishop (Limited), Manufacturing Chemists, est. 1857, 48, Spelman Street, London, E.1. Please write for Booklet B.

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over, and refuses: his job is to run the mill. "He was filled with contempt for the poltroonery—which seemed to be becoming more widely diffused and prevalent every day—of those who wished to cast aside all self-reliance and individuality and take refuge in a soft job provided by a syndicate or a Government department. And more than all he despised the cravens who were content to convert an honest business into the certificates of a limited company in order to exchange a life of toil for a life of ease. 'We shall become a nation of *rentiers* and officials; the only individualists will be the manual workers, and they show signs of being demoralised too. It's *ca' canny* in everything.'" There speaks the best Lancashire spirit: long may it survive!

Boy Woodburn. By Alfred Ollivant. Herbert Jenkins. 5s. net.

WE own to a certain sympathy with the Vicar's wife who did not like Boy Woodburn—a flapper combining in one marvellous whole the virtues of the complete horse-breaker and of the aggressive Nonconformist. Yet the type, or something resembling it, is not unknown in life, and Boy, if deficient in charm, does not lack vitality. Her father, the trainer, a simple child of nature with a keen eye for the main chance, is not so amusing as he aspires to be. Her lover is merely a variation of the strong, silent Englishman not overburdened with brains. The real interest of the story lies in its vivid, though frequently fantastic, presentment of racing life under various aspects.

Mrs. Holmes Commandant. By R. E. Forbes. Arnold. 5s. net.

WE are not sure that we should desire Mrs. Holmes's acquaintance in the flesh, but to read about her is a delightful person. The book, indeed, is throughout cheerful and refreshing; partly, perhaps, because it recaptures that first freshness of enthusiasm and sympathy which prevailed during the earlier stages of the war. For Mrs. Holmes and for her V.A.D. staff a wounded soldier wore the halo not only of heroism, but of novelty, and their patients, too, were higher in hopes and spirits than would be possible for men who have had more than one experience of both trenches and hospital. They are mostly presented in the light of lovable, though by no means docile, schoolboys, with that exhilarating quality which attaches to youth and irresponsibility. The most conspicuous example is Lance-Corporal Rainey, whose grand literary effort, the historical tragedy, 'Caligula,' is one of those things which, if fictitious, deserve to be true. The hero of the tale, an author turned orderly and dubbed "gentleman help" by the charwoman, has a pleasant gift of narration, and we specially like his human touch of annoyance with Mrs. Holmes for monopolising every opportunity of speech-making, which he naturally feels he could do much better.

A DOG STORY.

Jan, Son of Finn. By A. J. Dawson. Frontispiece in Colour and 20 Illustrations by G. D. Armour. Constable. 6s. net.

JAN was a great dog, the son of Finn the wolfhound and Desdemona, a queen among bloodhounds. In the period of his upbringing Jan enjoyed life in leisurely England and the advantage of living with a man who knew all about the training and strengthening of dogs. The various details given of this process are more convincing than the mere sentiment with which writers of dog stories commonly please their public.

When Jan went to Canada he was stolen away for sledge work, and held his own easily as a "dog-musher," i.e., a dog who not only pulls well in harness, but makes his companions do the same, and punishes them if they shirk. There is some excellent fighting in the book, especially the encounter between Jan and Bill, the dog whom he displaced as a leader in the sledge team which dragged across the frozen wicks. The author presents us freely with the thoughts and reasoning of Jan, and

he should know, since he has bred himself some of the finest wolfhounds in the world. He is a keen appreciator both of the charm of the wild and the ordered peace of an English homestead—as it was before the war. Though some of the incidents of the story are touched with genuine pathos, Captain Dawson is no sentimentalist, and readers may learn from him of the value of discipline, whether applied to dogs or human creatures. An untrained dog is a nuisance, like a soft, untried man.

A Book of Quaker Saints. By L. V. Hodgkin. Illustrated by F. Cayley-Robinson. T. N. Foulis.

IT is unfortunate that this book, being as it is primarily intended for children, should be printed in type alike unattractive and difficult to read; and that it should follow the modern affectation of using italics for prologue and epilogue—both of considerable length. We do not understand why the interesting illustration of "Old Newcastle" is given twice over. The coloured pictures are pleasing, though with a suggestion of the preciousness which in other respects characterises some portions of the volume. There is indeed a good deal of Wardour Street about the imaginary incidents and conversations freely introduced, and this is made painfully obvious by comparison with the original records, from which numerous quotations are also given. The seventeenth century had its own fashions both in playful and sentimental writing, and they differed widely from those at present obtaining. But the discrepancy will not be seriously felt by juvenile readers.

The purpose which the author has set before herself is entirely commendable. The children of the Quaker community have every right to a chronicle of their own peculiar saints. That such have existed and do exist cannot on any reasonable definition of the term be denied by an impartial observer. We remember the testimony of Bishop Gore, a witness not suspect in regard to excessive sympathy with Nonconformity; "if I am to judge by the fruits of religion as I see them in life, I should be disposed to rank the Friends among the highest in the kingdom of God." There can be no doubt that the active benevolence of early Quakers and their resolute protest against every form of cruelty and injustice were influences which made for good. They have also to their credit a long roll of examples demonstrating that personal insult and injury can be met in the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount without any loss of self-respect. That they were not successful in extending the same principle to national interests is plainly shown by the large number of Quakers who during the last three years have taken up arms, and the yet larger number who in all wars have, one way or other, given help to their own countrymen behind the firing line. Even Richard Seller, one of the worthies here held up for our admiration, when pressed for the navy, "though he could not fight . . . could and did help and heal"—by no means a counsel of perfection from the conscientious objector's standpoint.

It is curious to reflect that the Quaker movement, like Methodism in the next century, and perhaps like Theosophy in the century after, was in no way intended as the beginning of a new sect. It is also curious—and instructive—to note the fierce hostility which its appearance aroused in the official exponents of other sects. Miss Hodgkin is clear in her explanation that the "priests" who play such a sorry part in early Quaker records were, nearly without exception, Presbyterian and Independent ministers. She quotes George Fox's triumphant reflection; "not long after all the priests were turned out of their profession, when the King came in." She might perhaps have added that with the restoration of Anglican worship, the Friends almost wholly abandoned their practice of "going to steeple-houses" (i.e., in order to heckle the preacher). It is a lamentable fact that the persecution from which they suffered by no means came simultaneously to an end.

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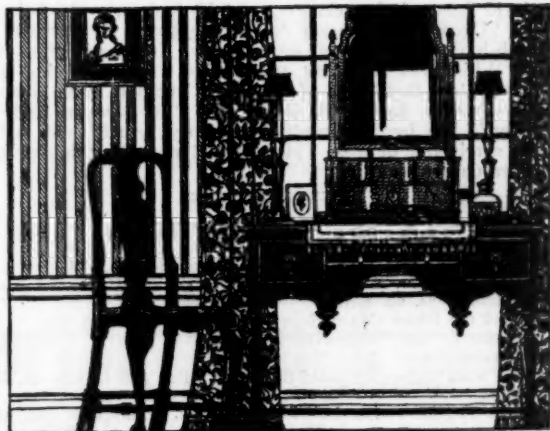
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BOLD STREET, LIVERPOOL. DEANS GATE, MANCHESTER.

The tragic note predominates, as the author admits, in these anecdotes, which need not on that account be less popular with children. On the other hand, they contain traits of romance exceeding the wildest flight of imagination; as for example the story of Mary Fisher's journey to Adrianople, which stands in need of no such apocryphal embellishments as it here receives. For the Quaker pioneers' life was mostly hard, but it was not often dull. That is an affliction scarcely compatible with the faith which can remove mountains and the charity which hopeth all things.

LATEST BOOKS.

Marshal Murat, Marshal of France and King of Naples, by A. Hilliard Atteridge.—The Life of W. E. Gladstone, by Herbert W. Paul.—Collections and Recollections (Series 2), by the Right Hon. G. W. E. Russell. Nelson. 1s. 6d. net each.

Messrs. Nelson have long made a reputation by their choice of books worthy of reissue to the public in a cheap yet well printed form. Their latest additions to history and biography in their "Library" are all welcome. Mr. Atteridge makes an interesting story out of the rise of the innkeeper's son who helped Napoleon to win many battles and deserted him in the end. A dashing cavalry commander, Murat had some of the attributes of a hero, but certainly lacked others. He was absurdly vain, dazzled by success, and in judgment a child compared with Napoleon. Outside the battlefield he seldom figured to real advantage, and Mr. Atteridge shows up well his weakness when he was confronted with sharing the responsibility for the murder of D'Enghien. The various battles are told in just sufficient detail.

Mr. Paul's Life of Gladstone is very readable, and certainly not a "dry," if an "unadorned" narrative. It tells the story from the standpoint of general agreement with Gladstone's policy at home and abroad. Even so, "the list of his legislative achievements stops at 1885," and recent biographies have shown us the confusion of his followers, wondering what he would do next. We are a little surprised to find Mr. Paul giving the translation of Horace's 'Odes' a high place, and calling Mr. Gladstone the most thorough Homeric Scholar in Europe. As for the ecclesiastical writings, we note that the word "Huxley" does not occur in the index.

Mr. Russell's book is not so full of stories as his first series of 'Collections and Recollections,' but it is a contribution to social history on which present events throw a lurid light. It has chapters on 'Hedonism,' 'Drinking' and 'Decorum,' also on 'The Pleasures of Publicity,' which have extended their scope to-day. In 1902 he thought that Whist was returning and Bridge "a little losing its vogue," but that form of it called Auction now reigns everywhere. Luncheon, he writes, "is now an earlier dinner," but by the twentieth century brandy and soda was surely out of date. Mr. Russell must be thinking of earlier days.

LATEST PUBLICATIONS.

Abdul Hamid (Sir Edwin Pears). Constable. 6s. net.
Airfare of To-day and of the Future (Edgar C. Middleton). Constable. 3s. 6d. net.
Beyond the Rhine (Marc Henry). Constable. 6s. 6d. net.
Christianity and Immortality (Vernon F. Storr). Longmans. 7s. 6d. net.
Czech Folk Tales (Dr. Josef Baudes). Allen and Unwin. 4s. 6d. net.
Dream English (Wilfrid Rowland Childe). Constable. 6s. net.
Groundwork of Logic (J. Welton). Cambridge: U.T.P. 4s.
In the Days of Victoria (Thomas F. Plowman). Lane. 10s. 6d. net.
Last Lectures (Wilfrid Ward). Longmans. 12s. 6d. net.
Letters and Diary of Alan Seeger. Constable. 5s. net.
Memorials of a Yorkshire Parish (J. S. Fletcher). Lane. 7s. 6d. net.
Pride and Prejudice (Jane Austen). Macmillan. 1s.
The Faith of the Modern Churchman (M. G. Glazebrook). Murray. 2s. 6d. net.
The Guide to South and East Africa, 1918, 24th Edition. Sampson Low. 1s. net.
The Last of the Romanoffs (Charles Rivet). Constable. 7s. 6d. net.
The Navy in Mesopotamia, 1914 to 1917 (Conrad Cato). Constable. 3s. 6d. net.
Standish O'Grady, Essays. Fisher Unwin. 3s. net.
The Treasures of Coal Tar (Alexander Findlay). Allen and Unwin. 4s. 6d. net.
The Victim's Return (Noelle Roger). Constable. 2s. 6d. net.
The Year's Art, 1918. (Compiled by A. C. R. Carter.) Hutchinson. 7s. 6d. net.

FICTION.

Beneath the Surface and Other Stories (Gerald Warre Cornish). Grant Richards. 6s. net.
Blue Flame (Hurbert Wales). Long. 6s. net.
Down Under Donovan (Edgard Wallace). Ward, Lock. 5s. net.
Green and Gay (Lee Holt). Lane. 6s.
His Job (Horace Bleackley). Lane. 6s.
Jitney and the Boys (Benjamin Copplestone). Murray. 5s. net.

THE CITY.

THE National Provident Institution is one of those assurance offices whose sound management and excellent record never fail to enlist new members. Established in 1835, its progress has been steady and sure, and in spite of the war its premium income has continued to expand, while its ratio of expenses is extremely small, amounting to less than 10 per cent. of the premium receipts, including commission and the cost of annuity business. The annual report to November 20 last shows that 891 policies were issued during the year for net assurances of £504,225, a remarkably good result in existing conditions, and looking back over the past quinquennium new business has been well maintained, which is eminently satisfactory for a society whose business had already assumed large dimensions, and whose operations are restricted to this country. In spite of increased mortality due to the war, the claims during the year amounting to £398,734, including bonuses, were only a little over 90 per cent. of normal expectations, the total embracing £52,886 paid for war claims, which since the war commenced have aggregated £117,555. The mortality experience of the society is therefore remarkably light, though it is interesting to observe that since 1835 over £19,626,000 has been paid in claims.

Naturally on a fund of nearly £7,500,000 the National Provident has had to make large provisions for depreciation in the value of its investments in order to write them down to current quotations, and it is satisfactory to find that the available surplus amounts to the sum of £374,876. It would have been possible to have distributed this surplus in the form of a bonus, but the directors have wisely decided to pursue the policy adopted by other offices in the same circumstances by keeping the available sum intact. This decision was advocated by the society's actuary, who points out that his valuation of liabilities ignored such immediate probabilities as increased war claims and further increased taxation. But the sum to be carried forward is more than ample for abnormal contingencies, and while no bonus is recommended at the present time, liberal provision is made by way of interim bonus for those profit-sharing members whose policies mature by death or survival before the end of the current quinquennium on November 20, 1922. The interim bonuses will be at half the rate of the 1912 distribution in respect of each premium due and paid since November 20, 1912. This is an eminently fair arrangement, and while the directors and policy-holders may be congratulated on the strong financial position disclosed by the annual report, the prudent course adopted in regard to the surplus is also most heartily commendable.

Bank amalgamation has evidently become a craze. Up to a certain point and under special conditions there was much to be said in favour of consolidation and concentration, and the prospect of international trade rivalry, with the occasional necessity of financial facilities in bulk, provided further reason for fusions of banks whose geographical spheres of activity did not overlap. But there is ground for suspicion that in some instances amalgamations have been prompted by ambition to become (or to remain) the biggest bank on earth. Competition in banking (within certain well definable limits) is desirable; but competition, inspired by a desire to show big aggregations of deposits and other resources, serves no good purpose to the State or the public, and is rather undignified, especially after the Chancellor of Exchequer has announced his intention to appoint a committee to enquire into recent fusions, and to advise as to what extent interference may be desirable in the interests of the public. It is probably wholly true that there is nothing in the nature of a Money Trust exists

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in this country; it is true also that a Money Trust could be formed by a private arrangement between the banks without recourse to actual fusions. But if bank amalgamations are to continue, and if legitimate and proper competition between banking institutions is not to be stifled, the result will be half-a-dozen huge banks each controlling from one hundred to five hundred millions of resources all fighting for business. If they are not competitive there is the danger that the public will suffer; if they are competitive there is a danger that one hesitates to consider. The time has come to say "Hold, enough." Meanwhile there seems to be an opportunity for the few remaining private banks to cater for the requirements of the "Small man," that is to say, for the general public.

In spite of the war, drapery firms did well last year. Dickins and Jones, Limited, for example, made a net profit of £66,105 as compared with £50,788 for the previous year, but notwithstanding this improvement, the directors think it prudent, in existing circumstances and in view of the contemplated rebuilding of the Company's premises, not to increase the rate of dividend from 5 per cent. at present. They propose, out of the remaining profits, to set aside a sum of £15,000 as an investment reserve, to apply £5,000 in reduction of furniture, fixtures and fittings, which will be displaced in the rebuilding, to carry £6,725 to the general reserve, bringing it up to £25,000, and to carry forward the balance of £47,721, which compares with £38,341 brought in from the previous year.

QUEENBOROUGH—THE FREE PORT.

THE strengthening of the "mercantile system" of England during the Tudor period, has given rise to the exceedingly advantageous commercial position of certain of our towns. Edward the Third, to encourage the shipping of his realm, doubtless in return for a loan, or the support of the Lord of the Manor, gave to these towns various monopolies, many of which, with the changes of the time, are no more.

Queenborough, a town on the River Swale, in Kent, a well-used route for ships entering the Thames in those days, had conferred upon it the Right of Freedom from Port Duties, both for incoming and outgoing vessels. To-day, the town is reaping the benefit of this Royal Charter. Because, being at the junction of the Swale, Medway and Thames, well sheltered, and only forty miles from London by water, its freedom from dues offers to the shipper a means of saving a very considerable sum. A deep-water pier, supplemented by barge wharves, accommodates large merchantmen while they discharge into barges for lightering to London, or by rail, good sidings being numerous, to anywhere in these Islands.

The future of Queenborough, when peace reigns once again in Europe, is assured, as owing to its proximity to the Continent, there is an opportunity for the manufacturer doing a Continental trade to secure not only cheap shipping facilities, but cheap fuel, the Kent coalfield being very near, so near that the carriage on coal is as low as one shilling a ton. Electric power is also available for every factory at a halfpenny a unit. There is an ample housing scheme afoot, so that the workers may live in a cheerful and healthy environment, thus ensuring their maximum efficiency being at the service of the employer.

AVIATION NOTES.

The doctrine of conserved energy finds some justification in the progress of the British air services and the British aircraft industry upon which they depend for their "materiel."

The advance made during three and a half years of war has been so extraordinarily rapid that it seems to demand a theoretical explanation of some sort. The plain fact is, however, more important and more hopeful than any explanation.

A great new service has sprung like Minerva from the head of Jove—fully equipped. Compared to the long and glorious history of its sister services, the Air

Service is a thing of yesterday, yet it is worthy to take its place beside the Army and Navy as a defender of these shores.

It would be impossible, without going into technical details, to describe the progress of aircraft construction during even the last few months. The outstanding feature in that story of the triumph of British engineering is the mastery of the whole machine which has been attained. We are self-supporting. The war found us in a state of absolute dependence upon foreign supplies for aircraft engines, the French Gnome engine being the favourite. To-day we are in a position to supply not only our own air services but—when required—the rest of the world to boot with aircraft engines, and those of a type superior to anything the pre-war engineers had dreamed of.

Much of this rapid progress in engine construction is due to the prolonged research and lavish expenditure authorised by the Government on the R.A.F. engine. Many alterations have been made in the design whereat critics have cavilled. But every step has been a step onward, and to-day it is generally admitted that the R.A.F. engine achieves a degree of safety, speed, and dependability hitherto unattainable.

Twenty hours was once considered a fair "life" for an engine, the period, that is to say, during which it might be depended upon to run without overhauling. The present models average much more. They are seldom scrapped. They come back either damaged or simply "fatigued," and are repaired and refurbished for the fray at one or other of the great factories which have grown up in various parts of the country. American engines are now arriving, and are being used for instruction flights. The aeroplane had its birthplace in America, and it is highly probable that before the end of the year America will have signalled her entry into the war by an aerial effort which will equal or surpass what has been accomplished in this country. When that happens, England, France, America, and Italy can put up an air offensive on all fronts which should go far towards blinding the enemy's reconnaissance.

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SOUTH-EASTERN AND CHATHAM RAILWAY.

A JOINT GENERAL MEETING of the proprietors of the South-Eastern and London, Chatham and Dover Railway Companies was held on Tuesday, the Right Hon. Viscount Chilton (the deputy-chairman) presiding.

The Chairman said that in the past year the traffic had grown considerably. In what might be called their industrial area—in their districts round Bexley and Woolwich—the tonnage dealt with was nearly five times as great as in 1913. Another matter of importance was that the amount of Kent coal which passed over their lines continued to increase; and in the past year was over 200,000 tons. Perhaps the principal figure in the accounts was a great increase in the issue of workmen's tickets and season tickets. It was as well to point out that the object of the Government in increasing railway fares by 50 per cent. was principally to stop all but necessary travelling, but that object had been, in their case at all events, to some extent defeated, firstly, by the fact that the price of workmen's tickets had not been raised—and the cause of that increase in workmen's tickets no doubt was the greater employment south of the Thames—and, secondly, by the fact that the price of season tickets had not been raised. People who formerly made occasional journeys now found it cheaper to take out season tickets with which they made more journeys than they would have if they had had to pay on each occasion. During 1917 they had had to restrict the train service, and customers, he feared, were considerably inconvenienced, but generally the public recognised the abnormal conditions prevailing and the necessity for restrictions to enable the railways to cope with the demands of the War Office and other Government departments.

Interest was still being received from the Government on the capital expenditure on new lines and works brought into use since January 1, 1913, and compensation was also being received in respect of deferred maintenance and interest. The depreciation funds of railway companies were at present much inflated, because the companies had not been able to carry out necessary work to keep their systems at the standard they desired, chiefly owing to the shortage of material and labour. The Government was making payments to the companies on account of the money which would have been expended on keeping up the railways, and this money would not be divisible, but would have to be spent after the war to overtake arrears of maintenance. Nearly £300,000 had been received from the Government on account of the amount chargeable to revenue in connection with the landslip between Folkestone and Dover, and this money was placed to a suspense account. Under the same head a further sum was still due to the committee.

The Charing Cross Railway Bill, which the two companies promoted in the last session of Parliament, to alter and strengthen Charing Cross bridge, received the Royal Assent, but they had had to accept very onerous terms imposed during its passage. In all his experience he had never known such onerous terms placed in a private Bill. The engineer had the working drawings well in hand, but under the Act they were not permitted to construct any permanent works above the level of Trinity House high-water mark within three years of the passing of the Act. The most serious point in the Bill was what were known as the sterilisation clauses, providing that in the event of any public improvement being authorised within fifteen years from the passing of the Act, involving the acquisition of Charing Cross Station and Bridge, the Managing Committee would not be entitled to any compensation in respect of money spent on the strengthening of the bridge or to any advantages resulting from the passing of the Act of 1917. This provision was introduced into the Bill in the House of Lords, after being first introduced in the House of Commons at the instance of the L.C.C. He could only say that nothing but the sense of their obligation to secure the safety and convenience of the travelling public would have impelled the directors to accept the Bill with these onerous conditions.

Another matter which was exercising the minds of many railway shareholders at the present moment, and which caused a certain amount of unrest and alarm, was the question of the position of railway shareholders after the war. To him it seemed unthinkable that a British Government which took over the railways, which were profit-earning concerns, and had had control of them for over three years, admittedly greatly to the national advantage, and admittedly without any financial burden, should hand them back to the proprietors fatally impaired from the profit-earning point of view.

Sir Robert Perks said he thought the companies were in a better financial position than they were before the commencement of the war, but in this connection he would like to know whether the board considered that the very large depreciation fund was sufficiently liquid. The chairman had spoken of the raising of fares by 50 per cent. This change had borne with exceptional severity upon residents in London suburbs who did not take season tickets, and who were not "workmen," a "workman" to-day being any person who travelled before eight o'clock in the morning or took his ticket before some arbitrary moment. Less was got out of travel with workmen's tickets than any other class of traffic, so that the Government really had imposed a great hardship on the companies by giving preferential treatment to this favoured class of the community, and also by thrusting many passengers into the season-ticket class, from which less profit was derived than from the issue of tickets from day to day. He hoped the railways would endeavour to get some reconsideration of the arbitrary increase in passenger fares.

No resolution was submitted.

The Treasury has been consulted under the notification of the 18th January, 1915, and raises no objection to the issue of the undermentioned Debentures and Shares. It must be distinctly understood that in considering whether they have or have not any objections to the new issue the Treasury does not take any responsibility for the financial soundness of any schemes or for the correctness of any of the statements made of opinions expressed in regard to them.

This offer has been duly registered with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.

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(Incorporated under the Companies' Acts, 1906 to 1917.)

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50,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each.

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The Ministry of Food state in such agreement "that the provision of this Cold Storage enables the Port of Manchester to be used to better advantage for the importation of frozen produce," and that they "will so utilise it to the best advantage."

The Trafford Park Company statutory railway directly connects the premises with the Manchester Docks as well as with the railway system of the country.

The buildings are nearing completion. The machinery, insulation, and equipment are contracted for under High Priority (P One) Certificates for delivery within three months, these stores being the first upon the list authorised by the War Priorities Committee of the Cabinet.

It is provided by the before-mentioned agreement that H.M. Government will advance to Trafford Park Estates, Limited (hereinafter referred to as "the Estates Company"), the cost of insulation and machinery and of any equipment necessary for utilising the premises as a cold store at 6 per cent. per annum. The amount so advanced is to be repaid to the Government by the Estates Company within five years after declaration of bonus.

The buildings, insulation, machinery and plant are estimated to cost approximately £110,000, to which must be added £10,649 for the land. The premises when completed and working as a going concern will be conveyed by the Estates Company to Trafford Park Cold Storage, Limited (hereinafter referred to as "the Company"), at the total amount when ascertained of buildings, machinery, and plant, and the value of the site, plus 10 per cent., such percentage to include the formation expenses of the Company and the expenses of and incidental to the issue of debentures and also interest during construction.

The purchase price is to be satisfied by the issue to the Estates Company or its nominees of debentures and/or preference and/or ordinary shares of the Company at the option of the Estates Company (the shares being credited as fully paid) to a nominal amount equal to such purchase price. It is not intended to issue any of the preference shares of the Company at present.

The trustees for the debenture holders are—
Mr. J. H. BALFOUR BROWNE, K.C., and Mr. DAVID Q. HENRIQUEZ.

The Estates Company unconditionally guarantees the payment of the principal and interest, and also any bonus payable on redemption of the Debentures.

The interest on the debentures will be payable free of income tax (to the extent of 5s. in the £) half-yearly as from the date of issue.

£10 per debenture and 2s. per share is payable to the Estates Company upon application. The balance is not required until the premises have been conveyed to the Company as a going concern, but will be payable within one month from the date of such conveyance. The Estates Company will pay interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum free of income tax (to the extent of 5s. in the £) upon amounts paid in advance.

The Board of Referees under Section 42 of the Finance (No. 2) Act, 1915, have fixed the Statutory Percentage for Cold Storage Companies for the purposes of Excess Profits Duty at 7½ per cent., which, with the additional percentage allowed by the Finance Act, 1917, makes 10½ per cent. before Excess Profits Duty becomes payable.

The Directors of the Company are Messrs.—
MARSHALL STEVENS, of Trafford Hall, Manchester,
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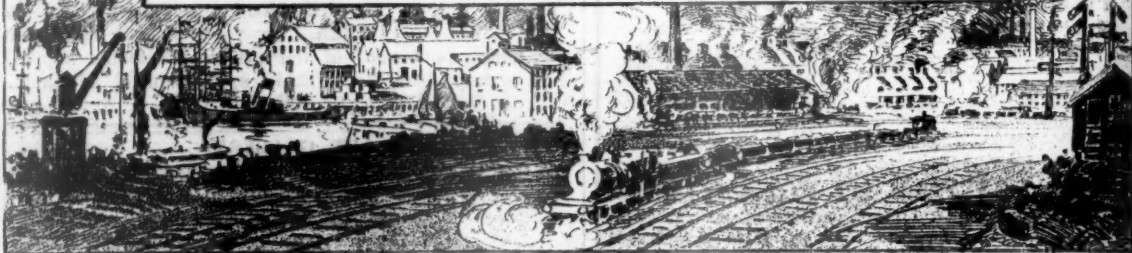
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